# THE Court Secret,

## A TRAGI-COMEDY:

*Never Acted,*

But prepared for the Scene at *BLACK-FRIERS.*

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WRITTEN

By JAMES SHIRLEY.

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*Never printed before.*

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*LONDON,*

Printed for *Humphrey Robinſon* at the three Pigeons, and for *Humphrey Moſeley* at the Prince's Armes in Saint *Paul's* Church-yard. 1653.

TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE
# WILLIAM
EARL OF
*STRAFFORD*,
Viſcount *Wentworth*, Baron *Wentworth* of *Wentworth*, *Woodhouſe*, *Newmarſh*, *Overſley*, and *Raby*.

My Lord,

THE Character *of true* Nobilitie *is ſacred, and indeleble; that Yours is ſuch, needeth no Teſtimony, the World bearing*

*bearing witneſſe to Your Honourable* Mind, *upon which all other acceſſe of Titles wait like a fair* Train *of Attendance, not Ornaments, Your own* Virtue *giving them luſtre, and enterteining them as Rewards payd down to Your Perſon, and Merit.*

*This Principle gave me boldneſſe to make this approach to Your Lordſhip, and not without ſome deſign in my Ambition, to renew my ſelf to Your ſmile, who have enjoyed the happineſſe (many yeares ſince) to kiſſe Your hand, and to obſerue with* Admiration *the* Beauties *that ſhin'd upon Your Youth, which as they gained upon Time, ſo they have grown above*

*above the prejudice of Opinion, and improv'd their Maturitie by the* Earlineſſe *of their Spring.*

*But my humble duty ( my Lord ) at this fortunate hour to attend You, cometh not alone, it bringeth a Preſent, ſuch as my weak condition could reach to ; a* Poem, *one, that weareth no Ribbands in the forehead ; not ſo much as warranted by Applauſe ; for it happened to receive birth, when the Stage was interdicted, and wanted that publique Seal which other Compoſitions enjoyed ; Though it hath been read and honour'd with the Allowance of ſome men, whoſe Opinion was as acceptable to mee, as the*

*Vote*

*Vote of a ſmiling* Theater.

*But this is not to preſcribe to your* Honour, *whom I have by this Application made my Judge (ſhould You wave the* Patron*) and from whom there lyes no Appeal.*

*If Your Honour, deſcending from your higher Contemplations, vouchſafe to look upon theſe Papers, though Your Juſtice ſhould condemn them, it would bee their Reputation to fall by ſo Honourable a Sentence: But if they happen to obtain Your Lordſhips favour, that they may live, your* Name *will not onely bee a powerfull defence to them, but a laſting Record of*

*Honour*

*Honour upon the Composer, whose heart is full of Devotions to your Lordship, and ambitious of no greater addition, than to be known,*

My Lord,

Your most obliged, and

humble Servant,

*JAMES SHIRLEY.*

# The Names of the Persons.

The King of *Spain*.
*Roderigo* his Brother.
*Manuel* the suppos'd son of *Piracquo*, but the true *Carlo* son to the King.
*Maria* his Sister.
*Antonio* Prince of *Portugall*.
*Isabella* his Sister.
*Mendoza* a Duke.
*Carlo* suppos'd Prince of *Spain*, but indeed *Julio* the son of *Mendoza*.
*Clara Mendoza*'s Daughter.
*Piracquo* a Nobleman.
Two Lords.
*Pedro* a Kinsman of *Piracquo*'s, Servant to *Mendoza*.
*Celio* Page to *Carlo*.
Castellano.
Servants.
Ladies.
Messengers.
Guard.

Scene *Madrid*.

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Plays newly printed for *Humphrey Moseley* at the *Prince*'s *Armes* in St. *Paul*'s Church-yard.

THe *Wild-Goose Chace*, a Comedy written by *Francis Beaumont*, and *John Fletcher*, Gent.

THe *Widdow*, a Comedy written by *Ben. Johnson*, *John Fletcher*, and *Thomas Midleton*, Gent.

THe *Changling*, written by *Thomas Midleton*, and *William Rowley*, Gent.

# THE COURT SECRET.

## ACT I.

*Enter at one dore* Don Antonio *leading* Maria ; *at another two Gentlewen.*

1. THe Prince of *Portugal*, *Don Anthonio*---
2. He courts our *Infanta* close.
1. And may deserve her.

*Enter* Don Manuel. Maria *lets fall a Jewel from her dress, he takes it up, and offers it to her.*

*Man.* Your Grace——
*Mar.* 'Tis none of mine, *Don Manuel.*
Will your Highness walk? *Ex. Ant. & Mar.*
1. Observe you that?
2. The Prince seem'd not well pleas'd.
*Man.* What doth the Princess mean?
I saw it fall from her.
1. My eyes are witness,
Noble *Don Manuel.*
*Man.* My Lords, your servant.
2. How do you like the Spanish Court? Although
My Lord your father were a native, yet
Your birth and education were abroad;
Compell'd by your father's destiny.
*Man.* My unhappiness!

I have heard him ſay, ſome policies prevail'd
To make him leave this Kingdom, and his fortunes,
To try his fate at ſea, till he found means
To plant himſelf in *Portugal*, from whence
He was but late reduc'd by the good Prince,
With promiſe of a pardon; and his honour
Is full ſecuritie for us.

1. The Prince
Can do becoming things, and knows good acts
Are in themſelves rewards; but the report
Was here, that fifteen thouſand Ducats
Were offer'd *Roderigo* our Kings brother,
By your father Lord *Piracquo*, to aſſure
His reconcilement here, for treſpaſſes
He did at ſea.

2. But not accepted.
I know not which will be his more vexation,
To know the Prince's act, reſtore *Piracquo*,
Or ſo much money loſt.

*Enter Prince* Carlo, *and* Celio *his Page.*

1. The Prince.
*Car. Don Manuel*,
You are become a man of mighty buſineſs,
Or I have loſt ſome intereſt, I had
Since I left *Portugal*; but I'll not chide.
Where is the King?

2. In his Bed chamber, Sir,
With Duke *Mendoza.*

*Car.* I'll not intterrupt 'em.
You may redeem your error, and we both
Converſe again. *Exit.*

*Man.* You infinitely honor,
And with it bind the obedience of your creature.

1. Now he is going to his Miſtris.

2. To *Clara*

The Duke *Mendoza*'s Daughter.

*Man.* Miſtris? do you forget, my Lord, the treaty,
And his own perſonall contract, the kiſs warm
On *Iſabella*'s lip, and ſtrengthned by the hope
And expectation of another Mariage,
Betwixt *Anthonio* and *Maria* his Siſter?

1. We are us'd
To freedom here, with as much innocence
I may, perhaps, hereafter ſay, the Princeſs
*Maria* meant you honor, when ſhe dropt
A Jewel; Sir, it cannot be much blemiſh
For you to own her ſervice.

*Man.* 'Twere an inſolence
(Beyond her mercy to forgive) in me,
To think ſhe meant it grace, or I apply it
At ſuch a diſtance of my blood and fortune.
This in a whiſper, but convey'd through Court,
Would forfeit me for ever: As y'are honourable,
Preſerve me in my humbler thoughts.

1. Be confident.

2. And pardon my expreſſion; Sir, your ſervant. *Exe.*

*Man.* I have obſerv'd the Princeſs ſcatter beams
Upon me, and talk language with her eyes
Sometime, ſuch as I dare not apprehend
With ſafety, or Religion; for I find
My heart anothers conqueſt. But the Prince!
Why ſhould he move my jealouſie? I know
His amorous thoughts, already plac'd upon
Fair *Iſabella*, muſt inhabit there,
And meet their juſt reward; he cannot be
So careleſſeſs of his honour.

*Enter* Pedro.

*Ped.* Can you direct me, Sir, to *Don Piracquo*,
Your noble father? I bring affairs concern him.

*Man.* You wait upon the Duke *Mendoza*, Sir?

*Pe.* I was i'th' first number of those attended
His Dutchess, while she liv'd; his Grace doth now
Acknowledge me a waiting movable
Within his family; my name is *Pedro*,
A poor kinsman of yours, if you be, Sir,
My Lord *Piracquo*'s son, and might have been
His heir, had not you Mother been more fruitfull
At sea, before she died, who left you an infant;
'Twas something to my prejudice, but your Father —
*Ma.* Is in the privy Garden, Sir.
*Pe.* Your servant. *Exit.*
*Ma.* What means this fellow to survay me? ha! *Clara!*

*Enter* Mendoza *and* Clara.

And her Father Duke *Mendoza*! I
Must wish a time without his presence, to
Confirm, how much I honour her: Loud fame
Speaks him a noble Gentleman, but of late
(By what misfortune 'tis not known) he hath
Some garbs, that shew not a clear spirit in him.
But that his Lady's dead, men would interpret
His starts proceed from jealousie: I'll leave 'em.
And wait some private opportunity. *Exit.*
*Cla.* I must confess, Prince *Carlo*, Sir, hath courted me,
But with a noble flame. (family
*Me.* Flame me no flame, unless you mean to turn our
And name to ashes in the Kings displeasure.
Thou do'st not know the Prince, as I doe, *Clara.*

*Enter* Piracquo *and* Pedro.

*Pe.* Sure you have known me, Sir, I have expected
Some time, when you would own me——
*Pi.* Your name's *Pedro*—— promis'd
*Pe.* You thought me of your blood, Sir, when you
I should be your heir; I did a service for't
Deserves your memory, not contempt, my Lord.

*Pi.* Oh

*Pi.* Oh, thou didſt well, and though as I then ſtood
Proſcrib'd, I wiſht it otherwiſe, I now thank
Thy witty cozenage, and allow thy faith
Religious to thy Prince; be honeſt ſtill.
*Pe.* Honeſt? you are miſtaken, I have been
Honeſt to none but you, Sir.
*Pi.* Be to thy ſelf.
*Pe.* I know not what you mean by witty cozenage;
But to my danger, I may ſay, I did
The feat as you deſir'd; you know I did,
And 'tis my wonder, what we both projected
To make your own conditions for your pardon,
And ſafe return, after proſcription,
Hath not been worth your uſe ſo many years;
Where is the Prince?
*Pi.* The Prince? you are witty, Kinſman.
*Pe.* Nay if you ſlight me, Sir, and pay my ſervice
With this neglect, I can undoe my ſelf
To make you find repentance —— [*offers to go in*
*Pi.* Come nearer——
*Me.* Therefore upon my bleſſing, if thou haſt
Such an ambitious thought, I charge thee leave it.
*Cla.* Sir, you may ſpare theſe preeepts, I have not
Given away my freedom, or by promiſe
Of more than may become my duty, offer'd
The Prince an expectation; I am
Not ignorant he is deſign'd a Bridegroom
To the fair *Iſabella*, and it were
Sawcie injuſtice to diſtract a bleſſing
Now hovering o'r two Kingdoms---
*Me.* Thou art wiſe;
Preſerve this duty. Ha! is not that *Pedro*?
I doe not like their whiſper——
*Cla.* You look pale, Sir.
*Pi.* Can this be truth? was it Prince *Carlo*, then
Without impoſture was deliver'd me?

Didſt thou not couzen me?

*Pe.* If I be mortall, Sir,
It was my Ladies art, for her own ſafety,
To put this trick upon the Court, which ſhe
Kept me from my Lord, untill upon her death-bed
She made him overſeer of the Secret.

*Men.* Did he not name a Secret?

*Cla.* You are troubled.

*Men.* I? thou art deceiv'd.

*Pir.* Ha! 'tis thy Lord *Mendoza.*

*Ped.* He may take
Some jealouſie, if he obſerve our whiſper.

*Pir.* Adde, *Pedro,* but to this, thy future ſecreſie,
Till I mature ſome act, my thoughts now fix upon,
And chooſe thy place within my heart; meet me——

*Ped.* Enough, you ſeal the myſtery agen.

*Men. Pedro,* come hither; What did you whiſper?

*Enter a Gentleman.*

1. Duke *Roderigo,* my Lord, deſires
Your conference in the garden.

*Pir.* I'll attend him. *Exeunt.*

*Ped.* He is my Kinſman, Sir, and did ſalute me—

*Men.* I would thou wert his Coſen ten removes (*Pedro*) as far as the two Poles are diſtant.

*Cla.* My father need not fear Prince *Carlo* now;
I find another gueſt here, 'tis *Don Manuel*
Holds chief intelligence with my thoughts.

*Men.* Well *Pedro,*
Take heed, my life is in thy lips——

*Ped.* I know my duty, Sir, if you ſuſpect,
Command me to be dumb; Sir, you muſt truſt me.

*Men.* I know not how to help it, wait upon
My daughter. *Exeunt*
I would my Lady had liv'd, or died without
Bequeathing me this Legacy on her death-bed,

A Secret to conſume me; this ſervant, whom
I dare not much diſpleaſe, is all the witneſs
Survives, ſworn with the reſt to ſecreſie,
And though I have ſmall argument to ſuſpect him,
After ſo long a ſilence, yet I am
Not ſafe to be at his devotion:
I could ſoon purge him with a Fig, but that's
Not honeſt: Was it ever known, a man
So innocent, ſhould have ſo many Agues
In's conſcience? I am weary of the Court;
I muſt have ſome device——

*Enter* Roderigo *and* Piracquo.

Duke *Roderigo*,
And *Don Piracquo*? they are whiſpering too;
This jealouſie will take my brains apieces. *Exit.*

*Ro.* I have ſaid, & now expect, my Lord, your anſwer.

*Pi.* I muſt acknowledge from your Grace, a favour,
That you have been ſo clear, and free with me;
I might have thought my ſelf ſecure i'th' dark,
And ignorant of this expectation,
Incurr'd your Graces jealouſie.

*Ro.* I had allwaies
A firm opinion of your Lordſhips gratitude.

*Pi.* But for the ſum, he fifty thouſand Ducats,
I muſt acknowledge, if your Grace had mediated
My pardon then with the good King, your brother,
It had oblig'd my payment; but my cauſe
Not worth your Graces agitation,
Or breath, was like a veſſell ſtruck upon
Some ſhelf, without all hope t' have ſayl'd agen,
Had not the Prince's mercie, when he came
To *Portugal*, reliev'd it with a galc,
And ſet my bark afloat.

*Ro.* The Prince?
Why? doth your Lordſhip think I had no part

I'th' work of your repair? the power, and office
I hold at Court, is not asleep, my Lord,
When any act of grace is done by th' King.
*Pi.* I dare not do so much injustice to
The Prince's bounty, to divide and ow
But half the benefit to his Grace; I not
Extenuate your prevalence at Court, but
His Highness did compassionate my exile,
And I am return'd by his commands, my Lord,
I am his creature for it, and shall sooner
Lose what he hath preserv'd, my life and peace here,
Than doubt his honour, or dispute his power
In my behalf.
*Ro.* Sir, you are not safe yet,
There has past no seal, I take it, for your pardon.
You hang i'th' air, not fixt to th' roof of heaven,
As when you shin'd a star; take heed you prove
No Comet, a prodigious thing snatch'd up
To blaze, and be let fall agen, upon
Their eyes, that so mistook the region
Where you were plac'd.
*Pi.* I know, my Lord, your greatness,
And hold it not becoming, to contest
In language wi'ee; but I am confident——
*Ro.* Of what?
*Pi.* And will wager, if your Grace please,
The t'other fifty thousand Ducats, Sir,
That I'll not pay you a Marvedie; if I may
On other honourable terms possess
Your favour, I shall meet your just commands,
But if you set such price upon your smile,
After the Prince's honor to secure me,
I know my self, my fortune, and upon
What strength I must depend.
*Ro.* I shall, my Lord,
Send you to sea agen.

*Pi.*

*Pi.* I made a ſhift, and may agen, my Lord,
Amongſt the Merchants.
*Ro.* Pirate——
*Pi.* 'Tis confeſt,
I was ſo, but your Grace may be inform'd
I was not born to th' trade, I had a ſoul
Above my fortune, and a toy I took
To loſe what was beneath my birth and titles,
Or purchaſe an eſtate fit to ſuſtain 'em;
The ſea was my Exchequer; for I thriv'd,
I thank my watry Deſtinies, and commanded
Many a tall ſhip, won with ſo much horror,
As poſſibly would have made your Lordſhip (had you
But in a cloud, or airie ſcaffold ſtood
Spectator of our fight) ſweat out your ſoul
Like a thin vapour with the fright, and after
Drop your forſaken body on our deck,
To encreaſe the number of the dead.
*Ro.* But we
May deal with you at land agen. (withall my age,
*Pi.* With reverence to your blood as 'tis the Kings,
My wounds upon me, and that innocence,
The Prince's word hath new created in me,
I do not fear——
*Ro.* Whom?
*Pi.* The Devil.
*Ro.* I ſhall conjure down the ſpirit.
*Pi.* Hell hath not art to keep it down.
*Ro.* So brave?
*Pi.* So juſt.
*Ro.* Thou talking fool, do'ſt think I have no ſtings?
*Pi.* I know you are a Stateſman, Sir, but he
That fears with his own innocence about him,
Deſerves not a protection— [*offers to go in.*
*Ro. Pirasquo,*
Stay, I now ſee thou haſt a gallant ſpirit,

Let

Let me embrace thee, and with this confirm
An honourable friendſhip; I have not
A thought ſo baſe to injure thee.
*Pi.* I have——
In eaſy faith my Lord——
*Ro.* Farewell——
Noble *Piracquo*, I have tri'd and found thee.
*Pi.* I wo'not truſt you for all this; I know
The Devill's excellent at the hug; your Servant.

*Enter* Manuell *and* Clara, *at the other dore* Maria.

*Man.* The Princeſs.
*Mar.* I doe not like his Courtſhip there.
*Don Manuel*— (Manuel *leaves* Clara, *and goes to* Maria.
*Ro.* So gratious with my Neece? I'll make him curſe
Thoſe ſmiles—— *Exit.*
*Cl.* All is not well within me, and the Princeſs
Was never ſo unwelcome; they conferr
With much delight, or elſe my fears abuſe me.
What hath ſhe in the greatneſs of her birth,
That I ſhould be ſo paſſive? Heaven look on
Our hearts, and if my love want a degree
Of noble heat, when they are both compar'd,
Let what I carry be the Funerall pile,
And my own flame conſume it. Ha, the Prince
—

*Enter* Carlo.

I ſhall betray my ſelf too ſoon I fear.
*Car.* My ſweeteſt *Clara!*
*Mar.* Either there were no Ladies that could love
In that Court, or you could not want a Miſtris.
*Man.* They are not born with incapacity
Of loving, where they find a worth t'invite:
The fault was in my undeſert, that could
Attract no Ladies grace to own me there,
So inconſiderable a ſervant Madam.

*Ma.* There

*Ma.* There is ſome hope, you wil not be thought here
Inworthy of a nobler Character;
doe not think but *Clara* hath a better
Opinion of your merit.
*Car.* You cannot be ſo cruell; what could in
My abſence interpoſe, to make your heart
Inkind to thoſe deſires at my return?
*Cla.* My juſtice, and the care of both our honours,
have not loſt; nor can Time make me forfeit,
(What Nature, and the Laws of Heaven and Earth
Command me to preſerve) my duty Sir.
What is above, would taſt ambitious.
*Car.* This was not wont.
*Cla.* If any of your ſmiles,
Or favours Sir before, have led my tongue
To unbecoming boldneſs, you have mercy:
Some things of errour are exalted by
Our bold belief, when Princes make themſelves
But merry with their ſervants, who are apt
To antedate their honour, and expound,
In their own flattery, the text of Princes.
*Car.* But is all this in earneſt?

*Enter* Roderigo *and* Antonio.

*Ro.* Is not that
*Don Manuell* with the Princeſs? Obſerve Sir.
*An.* They are pleaſant.
*Ro.* Dare he preſume?
*An.* Vexation!
*Cla.* While I have
The memory of what you are, a Prince,
And dare believe what is as true, as talk'd of,
Your Contract made in *Portugall* to the Princeſs
*Iſabella* ——————
*Car.* No Contract Madam; I confeſſe,
To pleaſe my Father, who engag'd me to

The

The travel, I did seem to court the Princess,
And with some shadows of a promise, might
Advance her expectation; but here
I left my heart, and dare appeal to thine.

*An.* Madam——

*Mar.* Your Graces pardon but a minute.

*An.* Sir—— [*To* Manuell.

*Mar.* Nay then I shall repent I ask'd your pardon.

*An* I ha' done, and will attend your Graces pleasure.

*Mar.* I am now at your commands. *Exe.*

*Ro. Clara* his Mistris?

*Car.* Possible! was not that Prince *Antonio*, Uncle?

*Ro.* Yes Sir, and gone displeased,
He hath been affronted by that Gentleman.

*Car.* He dares not be so rude.

*Ro.* He dares be insolent, and court your Sister.

*Car.* How? my Sister? be less ambitious, *Manuel*.

*Ro.* Your favours have exalted him too much.

*Car.* But I can change my brow.

*Ro.* It does become you. *Exeunt.*

*Man.* The Prince did frown upon me, Madam, you
Are wise, as well as fair, can you resolve
The Prince's riddle?

*Cla.* Sir, I have no art
To decypher mysteries, but if I erre not,
He nam'd his Sister.

*Ma.* Ha!

*Cla.* With caution you should be less ambitious.

*Ma.* 'Tis so, he's jealous of my courtship there,
It can be nothing else, can it, sweet Madam?
I dare make you the judge of all my thoughts,
Unbosom every counsell, and divest
My soul of this thin garment that it wears,
To let your eye examine it; if you find
Within that great diaphanal an atome
Look black, as guilty of the Prince's anger,

Let

Let him doom me to death, or if that be
Not punishment enough, be you more cruel,
And frown upon me too.
*Cla.* If I were judge,
Without such narrow, and severe dissection,
*Don Manuel*, of your heart, I should declare
Boldly your innocence, and rather than
A frown of mine should rob your thought of quiet,
I would deprive mine eyes of what they honour,
By a more cruel absence. *Ma.* But to be
Assured of so much charity I could wish
My self in some degrees a guilty person,
And stand the Prince's anger; but if I
Be cleer'd in your opinion, I dread not
The malice of accusers; yet if you had
Wav'd my integrity, I had an argument
To have convinc'd you, Madam, that *Maria*,
Though sacred in her person, was to me
No more enflaming than a peece of Alabaster,
Which some great Master's hand had shap'd a Virgin;
For if you dare believe me, you have won
By your virtue here so much dominion,
There is no room to entertain a guest,
Much less a competition. Oh Madam,
I took so strange a charm in at my eyes
When first your presence made 'em happy, that
To say I onely lov'd you, were prophane,
And would detract from that religious honour,
My heart in that first minute promis'd you.
*Cla.* I know not in what language, Sir, to dress
My answer, but in that small skill I have,
Sir, of my self, I am not guilty of
Unkind rewards, where I can understand
A fair respect invite 'em; yet if you
But flatter, for it is hard to say, when men
Dissemble not at Court----

*Ma.* The

*Ma.* The curſe of Virgins, and
What elſe can make a Lover miſerable
Feed on my heart, that minute I betray
Your faith by any treaſon of my tongue:
I muſt not live with your ſuſpicion on me;
Why doe you obſcure your face?
*Cl.* I doe but hide
Sir an unruly bluſh that's ſtoln into
My cheek; I fear a Spy, that hath diſcovered,
And would tell what complexion my heart has.
Pray leave me.
*Ma.* That command
Receiv'd but faint commiſſion from your heart,
From whence thoſe am'rous ſpies your bluſhes came;
It had a ſound like Virgins, when they teach
A way to be denied. Pardon ſweet Madam,
If I preſume to interpret my own happineſs;
Your eyes are not ſo kind to obſcure themſelves
Behind that cloud, they may behold me kiſs { *He kiſſ*
Your hands with this devotion, and not { *her han*
Repent to be a witneſs. Did you not
Feel a chaſt trembling on my lip? with ſuch
A fear doe Pilgrims ſalute holy Shrines,
And touch the fleſh of Martyrs: but this circumſtan
Is but the pomp, no eſſence of affection.
Say, can you love me, Madam? if your tongue
Not us'd to ſuch a dialect, refuſe
Articulate conſent, a ſmile will make
No noiſe, ſpeak that way; I will keep this hand
Both a white pledge, and priſoner, till your eye
Or welcome accent doe redeem it from me;
Or if you ſtill be ſilent, I'll ſecure
My fate, and teach your hand without a voyce
To chant a Song to *Hymen.*

*What help of tongue need they require,*
*Or use of other art,*
*Whose hands thus speak their chast desire,*
*And grasp each others heart?*
*Weak is that chain that's made of air,*
*Our tongues but chafe our breath,*
*When Palms thus meet, there's no despair*
*To make a double wreath.*
*Give but a sigh, a speaking look,*
*I care not for more noise,*
*Or let me kiss your hand, the Book,*
*And I have made my choyce.*

Weeping? I'le kiss those drops away.

*Cla.* Away——

*Ma.* That eccho was not sweet, yet being thine---

*Cla.* I am too much thine.

*Ma.* There's no place for fears;
Love is the purest, when 'tis washt in tears.

---

## *ACT.* II.

*Enter* King *and* Roderigo.

*Ki.* DAres he be so insolent allready? we
Shall humble him.

*Ro.* He durst affront me Sir;
And when I urg'd the folly of his pride,
Tell me, he knew himself, and on what strength
He must depend; words of a dangerous consequence.

*Ki.* My Son hath been too forward.

*Ro.* He affects him strangely.

*Ki.* Whose undertaking must not bind beyond
The rule of our own greatness.

May

*Ro.* Your Son is full
Of honourable thoughts, but being young,
May meet with ſubtle natures, whoſe oblique
And partial ends want no diſſembled forms
Of duty to betray him. This *Piracquo*
In his experience of the world, hath art,
And can from every accident extract
A cunning uſe of time, and diſpoſitions;
And 'tis not to be doubted but the man
Practiz'd in ſtorms, and rapine (by which he
Hath drawn a wealth above your treaſury)
May find a minute apt for his revenge
Upon your juſtice ———
He that is a Pirate
In the firſt act of ſpoyl he makes, doth open
His conſcience at ſea, and throws the key
Into the waves.

*Ki.* He hath acquir'd a mighty wealth.

*Ro.* But who can number their undoings and wet eyes
That have been rob'd? how many lives and fortunes
Of your own ſubjects have increas'd the pile
Of his eſtate and cruelty? think o'that:
And if you can bring nearer thoughts, and look
Upon your ſelf, your preſent ſums are lean,
Compar'd to what did ſwell your treaſury;
Your cuſtoms are leſs numerous for his theſts,
And your great debts and charge upon your crown,
Are call'd upon, but drouzy with their weight,
They make no anſwer to the kingdoms clamour.
Some King, to whom the waves had ſent a wrack
So great upon his ſhore, would both ſecure,
And call the timely benefit, a providence.

*Ki.* 'Tis not too late.

*Ro.* Wiſe Princes that have law & ſtrength about 'em,
Muſt take all forfeits; he that is too tame
Soveraignty, makes treaſon his own judge,

And

And gives a patent to be diſobey'd.
*Ki.* Let him be ſent for ſtreight.
*Ro.* To hear him plead?
What Traytor did want reaſons of defence?
Command him ſafe firſt, ſee his wealth ſeal'd up
Againſt the confiſcation; Kings muſt act,
And not diſpute their maxims; I could much
Amaze you, Sir, with other argument
To prove *Piracquo*'s inſolence; his ſon
(And 'tis to be believ'd, in things of conſequence
Their counſels often meet) *Don Manuel*,
Hath been ambitious to court *Maria*,
Your daughter, Sir.
*Ki.* Unſufferable impudence!
*Ro. Antonio* too ſuſpects him, and what honor
You can maintain with the Prince, & what danger
It may produce; if this reſented, and
Proclam'd, beget a War upon your country——
For Treaties are the immunities of Kings,
Subjects adulterate the Prince's coyn,
Not without high injuſtice, but he that
Doth play the wanton with his royal promiſe,
Defaceth his own ſtamp, and teacheth, by
His violation, others not to truſt him.

*Enter* Antonio *and* Manuel *fighting.*
*Enter Lords.*

*Ki.* Treaſon!
*Man.* Be fearleſs, Sir, I am provok'd
Beyond the ſufferings of a Gentleman.
*Ro.* Where is the guard? no miſchief the reſult
Of ſuch a skirmiſh?
*Ma.* I was not made for ſervitude, nor muſt I
Have patience, when the greateſt man is in *Spain*,
Whoſe title cannot challenge my ſubjection,
Throws infamy upon me.

*An.* Do the Kings
Of *Spain* allow this lawey privilege
Againſt a Prince.
*Ki.* Not we: To priſon with him.
You ſhall be judge your ſelf, and ſet the puniſhment
Upon his inſolent act; away with him.
*Man.* Not hear me? this is tyranny.
*Ro.* A way, d'ee make a cypher of the King? } Manuel
*Ki.* May we } *guarded*
Entreat to know the circumſtance? } *off.*
*An.* I muſt
Acknowledge, Sir, I had ſuſpicion
Of ſome attempts by him againſt my honor,
Which made me firſt provoke him.
*Ki.* Dare he hope
To keep a thought unpuniſhed?

*Enter* Piracquo.

*Pi.* Sir, I met
My Son by your command lead priſoner hence,
It will not unbecome your royall juſtice,
To let me know his crime, I am no father
To any ſin he dares commit againſt
Your Laws, or perſon.
*Ki.* You came in good time.
Another guard for him.
*Pi.* A guard? for what?
*Ki.* You ſhall know that hereafter.
*An.* I ſhall beſeech, my cauſe againſt *Don Manuel*
May not involve his innocence; my Lord
*Piracquo* is full of honor.
1. The Duke's gone.
2. Nay he is right, at the wrong end of a cauſe ſtill.
*An.* If they be crimes againſt your ſtate, I am not
To preſcribe your Juſtice, Sir.
*Ki.* Away with him.

*Enter*

*Enter a Gentleman with a Letter to* Antonio.

*An.* To me? I have ſeen this character.

*Enter* Carlo, Piracquo, *Guard.*

*Car.* Return him at my peril, Sir.

*Lord* 2. What do you think of my Lord *Piracquo?*

*Lord* 1. I think he's gone to priſon; yet I think
He's here agen, if that be he; for we are
Not ſure of any thing at Court. Now, my Lord---

*Pi.* Do any of you know, my Lords, wherefore
I am under guard?

1. Not we.

*Pi.* I could not ſatisfie the Prince's queſtion.

2. Your ſons offence was an affront to th' Prince *Antonio.*

*Pi.* That was not well; 'twas
Some high provocation made him loſe his temper.

1. They were at it with their ſwords.

*Pi.* No hurt, I hope?

2. The Prince's feather diſcompos'd, or ſo.

*Pi.* This was not my fault, Gentlemen.

*Car.* Proclame to th' world I'm not your ſon, take off
Mine and your peoples expectation,
And then 'tis no diſhonor; for to be
Believed the Prince at the ſame time, and one
That dares betray a Gentleman from's Sanctuary,
To be a ſacrifice at home, are things
Of inconſiſtent nature, and deſtructive.
Charge him with new committed crimes, ſince I
Gave him my word and honour to ſecure him,
And there he ſtands, without an Altar to
Protect him; but far be it from the King,
To make it a new treaſon to be rich;
It will be thought your avarice to his wealth,
And read in ſtory to your ſhame for ever,

*Piracquo* died to pay your debts.

1. The Prince

Solicites hard; the King inclines.

*Ca.* I know

This doth not, Sir, proceed from your own ſoul,
But ſome malignant nature, that hath drop'd,
And would infect your ear with wicked counſell;
'Twas ſome malicious enemy to me,
And to your fame (as well as *Don Piracquo*
His life and fortune) hath conſpir'd to make
Me leſs than Prince, and you unfit to be
A King, when once men catch at your inconſtancie.
For I muſt pray you to remember, Sir,
I had your royall promiſe to confirm
My undertaking for his facts at ſea,
And give me leave to ſay, Sir, this diſhonorable
Retreat will ſtagger all your peoples faith:
A King to break his ſacred word, will teach
The great men to be ſafe without your ſervice;
Who will beleeve your ſmiles are ſnares to catch
Their fortunes; and when once the crowd takes ſent
Of this, you leave your ſelf no oath to ſwear by.

2. The Prince beſtirs himſelf bravely in your cauſe.

*Pi.* I may do ſomething to reward it, one day.
Sir, ſhall I ſpeak? not in my own defence;
For ſince I came to *Spain*, I have not been
Guilty in thought of any breach of duty;
Nor for my ſon, if youth or ignorance
Have made him erre, my humble knees beſeech
My cauſe may take no royall beam from him,
That now is pleas'd to be my Advocate,
Your ſon; in whom there's ſuch an active heat
Of honor, better all my blood was ſcatter'd
Than you ſhould frown upon him. But I know
If I had payd the Duke your brother, Sir,
But fifteen thouſand Ducats——

*Ki.* Ha?

*Ki.* Ha? what then?

*Pi.* I had bought my peace, and been commended by His Grace to your full pardon.

1. Boldly urg'd.

*Ca.* Was it his act?

*Ki.* We reſtore thee,
*Piracquo*, to thy ſelf, and us; and let
Our largeſt pardon for all paſt offences
Be ready for our ſignature; my brother,
I'll promiſe reconcil'd too: *Carlo*, thou
Haſt but confirm'd our hope, nor did we purpoſe
This other than a tryal of thy temper,
Thy gratitude, and jealouſie of thy honor:
Preſerve them ſtill thus, *Carlo*, nothing wants
To fix our Kingdoms joy, but the compleating
Thy mariage with the Princeſs *Iſabella*,
Which ſhall be done by Proxy, when *Antonio*
Hath made his courtſhip perfect with thy Siſter.
Who ſaw the Duke *Mendoza*? ſend for him;
He doth too much abſent himſelf. *Exe.*

*Manet Carlo.*

*Car.* By Proxy?
The Duke *Mendoza*'s counſell is too buſie
To advance that, and *Clara* is grown cold,
Or ſeems ſo, in her cunning to provoke
My flame; but I muſt teach her how to meet it.
My father may be wrought to a conſent
When things are done; forgive me, *Iſabella*,
My firſt thoughts cannot on thy beauty wait,
I am not maſter of my love, or fate. *Exit.*

*Enter* Pedro.

*Pe.* Things are not now ſo deſperate, whilſt my Lord
*Piracquo* keeps poſſeſſion; but if I were
Worthy to adviſe his Lordſhip, he ſhould not loſe
much time to ſettle things, ſecrets do burn——

*Enter* Mendoza.

His grace; now for a fit of jealouſie——
I'll be here——

*Men.* He's troubleſome in my eye, and yet I cannot
Endure him from my ſight.

*Pe.* That's I. (ing look,

*Me.* Methinks he hath every day a more diſcover-
There's Scaffolds in his face; I ſhall prevent him,
And ſend him far enough, with the next Fleet
He goes, the Sea may roar, and crack the Cabbins,
Or he may meet the Calenture; I have heard
Of Hericanoes that have torn up Mountains,
One boyſterous enough would ſtrike his Ship
Clean through, a'tother ſide to the Antipodes,
And that would cure me; all my Art muſt be
To win him to the Voyage, and not ſtir
His jealouſie; the Knave is apprehenſive.

*Pe.* Are you good at that? *Exit.*

*Me.* I doe not like his buſineſs with *Piracquo*,
'Tis for no good, I'll break their correſpondence;
*Piracquo* has been honourable, yet
I doe not much confide in him——he's here;

*Enter* Pedro.

Come hither *Pedro*.

*Re.* Your Graces Pleaſure?

*Me.* What, conſult
Have you with *Don Piracquo*?

*Pe.* Pleaſe your Grace,
He hath been fiſhing, ſome or other have
Infus'd a ſcruple, I'll engage my life:
But though he be my Kinſman, and a Lord
I honour, and from whom I have receiv'd
The promiſe of a Fortune, and a great one,
Yet, I have ſaid little——

*Me*

*Me.* Hast said any thing?

*Pe.* How could I choose Sir? he did squeez me subtly,
But I was wise, and faithfull to your trust;
He knows no more than I, or you——

*Me.* Ha?

*Pe.* Wou'd wish him Sir, let me alone to be cautious.

*Me.* Th'art honest *Pedro*, and I have been studying
How to encourage and reward thy service,
And I have thought of a preferment for thee.

*Pe.* Your Grace was ever bountifull.

*Me.* A place
Of honour and command.

*Pe.* That will do well Sir;
And shal I come in as your Churchmen do?
No first-fruits to be paid twice in a year,
No buying of a Jewell at the rate
Of fifteen hundred times the value Sir?

*Me.* Remove that care.

*Pe.* That care is well remov'd.

*Me.* I have consider'd, that to live at home
My Servant, is to dark thy abilities,
That will abroad shine, and doe services
Worth *Spain*'s acknowledgement.

*Pe.* Abroad? why, must I travell?

*Me.* By any means.

*Pe.* Whither, an't please your Grace?

*Me.* But to the *Indies*.

*Pe.* No farther? *Columbus* did it in 7 years,
And less.

*Me.* In the next Fleet thou shalt have an imployment
Shall speak my care of thee, and interest
With his Catholick Majestie; he shall deny
Me hard, but I'll prevail to make thee of
His Councill there, and the State Secretary.

*Pe.* This is a mighty honour.

*Me.* We may hold

Correſpondence ſtill by Letters, thou art wiſe;
The King ſhall knight thee too of *Calatrava*;
How will it joy my heart to write to thee,
*Al Signor illuſtriſſimo Don Pedro.*

*Enter Gentleman.*

*Gent.* Sir, the King hath ſent for you?
*Me.* For me?
*Pe.* Yes, Sir, I could have told your Grace
His Majeſty commanded your attendance.
*Me.* For what?
*Pe.* I know not that, but I ſuſpect
There hath been ſome intelligence, however
Go, Sir, it may do worſe, and argue guilt,
To be commanded twice.
*Me.* Intelligence?
It will be worth my ſafety to confeſs.
*Pe.* By no means, Sir, that ſimplicity
Would rather become me.
*Me* Why? wo't thou confeſs?
*Pe.* Not, unleſs you begin; go Sir, an't be
But to prepare his Majeſty, for me
To wear the order of the *Caletrava*;
You have put me, Sir, into the gang of going
This *Indian* voyage.
*Me.* Well, I muſt to the King.
*Pe.* Shall I attend you? (on't
*Me.* Yes--no--do what thou wilt; yet now I think
'Twill be as well to go--yet do not neither.
*Pe.* Be chearfull, Sir, why doth your head ſhake ſo?
*Me.* My head? (feel it?
*Pe.* It trembles like the Needle of a Sun-dial, d'ee not
*Me.* Ha? yes 'tis here; but do not breath upon me;
I feel the very wind of thy words blow it
To and agen like a Weather-cock; but I muſt go.
*Pe.* I will prepare my ſelf for this voyage.

Forget

Forget not the *Calatrava*.

*Me.* I would thou wert ſhipt——

*Pe.* And ſunk.

It ſhall go hard but I'll requite your Lordſhip. *Exe.*

*Enter* Clara *and Servant.*

*Cla.* A priſoner ſaiſt?

*Ser.* 'Tis a confirm'd report.

*Cla.* I fear Prince *Carlo*'s jealouſie is cauſe
Of this; poor *Manuel*, it will not be
Safe, or ſeem honorable for me to viſit him:
But ſince I cannot ſuffer with him, he *Ex. Ser.*
Shall hear I dare confine my ſelf to ſorrow.

*Enter Servant.*

*Ser.* Madam, the Princeſs
*Maria* is coming up the ſtairs.

*Cla.* I muſt diſſemble now my grief, and meet her, yet
I may intreat her Graces mediation
To the King for his enlarge.

*Enter* Maria.

*Ma.* Let us be private.
If e'r thou lov'dſt me, *Clara*, now expreſs it.

*Cla.* I have an humble ſute to your Highneſs, which
In hope to proſper, will direct my faith,
And ſervices to what you can preſcribe me.
Speak your commands.

*Ma. Don Manuel* ſtands committed by the King,
And I would have thy counſell, how I ſhould
Beſt work his liberty.

*Cla.* That, Madam, is
All my petition to your Grace.

*Ma.* I know my leaſt deſire let fall to th' Prince
*Antonio*, were enough to engage, and make him
The Orator to effect it, but in honor

I would not contrive him the means, and inſtrument
To advance his Rival's liberty.

*Cla.* Rivall, Madam?

*Ma.* For I muſt tell thee, *Clara*, and with it
Give up the ſecret of my ſoul, I love
*Don Manuel*, I fear, better than my ſelf.

*Cla.* You do not mock me, I hope, Madam?

*Ma.* No,
By all that Ladies once in love do pray for,
By him thou lov'ſt, who e'r he be, and this
Kiſs (that I rather wiſh on *Manuel*'s lip,
Would modeſty and honor give it privilege
And durſt entruſt thy faith to carry it to him,
In my experience of thy virtue, *Clara*)
I ſpeak no fable.

*Cla.* It becomes my truth
To anſwer yours, though not ſo cheerfully;
I ſhould not much repent, to carry, Madam,
Your kiſs to *Manuel*, but I fear, I ſhould
Forget who ſent it. If you have a plot
To raiſe mirth from my weakneſs, when you know
How much my heart is his, I yeeld my ſelf
Your triumph, Madam, but the glories of
Your blood, and title are not price enough
To buy him from my thoughts, could you inveſt
My name with their poſſeſſion.

*Ma.* Doth ſhe love him?
I have deſtroy'd my own hope then; alaſs
Poor *Clara*, I muſt pitty thee, and for that
Love that hath been between us, I'll apply
To cure thy wound; for mine is not ſo deſperate,
Though I bleed inwards, I confeſs, ſince he,
Whom I eſteem beſt, ſuffers for *Maria*.

*Cla.* Suffer for you? pray Madam, clear this myſtery.

*Ma.* It is poor *Manuel*'s fortune to affect
Me with a paſſion great as mine, and love,

That

That like a rebell forrageth our ſoul,
And can obey no law, but what it likes,
Impatient that *Antonio* lov'd me too,
Made him forget the Prince, and gave the affront,
For which he ſuffers in the Kings diſpleaſure.
*Cla.* No repetition of this ſtory, Madam,
Leſt you deſtroy all my belief in virtue;
It cannot be, you may as ſoon perſwade
That ſnow, the innocent fleece of heaven, that's born
Upon the fleet wings of ſome ſportive wind,
Is *Ethiop*'s wooll, as call this truth.
*Ma.* This will be rudeneſs, *Clara*, if you do not
Convince, and with more reaſon, and with temper.
And 'tis no little wonder, that when I
Have fairly thus diſclos'd my thoughts of *Manuel*,
You ſhould retain a murmuring thought, and dare
Pretend rivality with me.
*Cla.* The law
You gave to love, that ſtoopes to no prerogative
Of birth, or name (mine only a degree
Beneath your own) will anſwer your diſdain,
And juſtifie my paſſion; and if reaſon
And temper (which in vain you think are loſt
In me) be aſſign'd judges, I dare more
Than ſay I love, I can deſerve him ——
*Ma.* Better?
Fate bring it to a tryall.
*Cla.* So juſt are my affections, I dare make
A Saint my judge.
*Ma.* That Judge you make, is not
A friend to ſo much pride.
*Cla.* You are but my accuſer, Madam.
*Ma.* This affront I muſt
Remember, *Clara*, and find time to teach
You know me better.
*Cla.* Madam, as you are

The Princeſs, I can fall thus low, to kiſs
Your hand, and pay all duties that become me,
Or your command; but if you think by being
Great, I muſt own no paſſion, but in what
Degree you are pleas'd to fix it, nor compare
My ſoul born with its freedome to affection,
With yours, becauſe one ſhaft hath wounded both,
I riſe my own defender.

*Ma.* Thy own ruine
For this preſumption.

*Cla.* I'll not bribe your mercy,
When you can love as I doe, we may both
Deſerve him equally: Oh *Manuell!* *Ex.* Maria.
Though I defend thy honour to the Princeſs,
Yet he hath ſcatter'd ſeeds of jealouſie
About my heart, if this ground fertile prove,
I wo'not curſe his faith, but my own love. *Exit.*

Manuell *in Priſon.*

*Man.* Why ſhould we murmur to be circumſcrib'd,
As if it were a new thing to wear fetters?
When the whole World was meant but to confine us;
Wherein who walks from one Clime to another,
Hath but a greater freedome of the Priſon;
Our Soul was the firſt Captive, born to inherit
But her own Chains, nor can it be diſcharg'd
Till Nature tire with its own weight, and then
We are but more undone to be at liberty.

*Enter* Carlo.

The Prince, he brings a ſtorm, I ſee it riſing
As Seamen doe, the wind far off.

*Car. Don Manuell,* (holds

*Man.* You have nam'd a ſuffering man, but one that
His life and death at ſuch an even rate,
No matter which is firſt employ'd, with honour.

I

I dare ſubmit me to your juſtice Sir. (love
*Car.* Your Cauſe would droop to truſt to that, my
Willing to juſtifie the choyce it made
In thee, hath pleaded better, and prevail'd
With me to bring thee counſell to redeem
Thy ſelf becomingly.
*Ma.* Your goodneſs flows ſtill,
'Twas not the Prince that frown'd.
*Ca.* Submit your ſelf to Prince *Antonio.*
*Man.* Submit my ſelf?
*Ca.* Ask him forgiveneſs.
*Man.* I muſt be guilty firſt of an offence,
Ere my tongue be ſo baſe, and ask a pardon.
*Ca.* Then I muſt chide you *Manuell*; deny
This triviall ſatisfaction? your crime
Will upon ſecond thoughts be much enlarg'd,
Nor will the Prince be ever thought to merit
His birth and name, unleſs he kill thee for't,
'Tis an affront of ſo ſupreme a nature.
*Man.* Hath it no name Sir?
*Car.* Doſt not ſhake to ask it?
Are you Sir a fit Rivall for the Prince?
Abſtract that ſhe's my Sifter, which conſider'd,
Carries ſo vaſt a guilt againſt the Kings,
Mine, and *Maria*'s honour, all thy bloud
Mixt with repentance cannot purge; you are
Inſtructed Sir.
*Man.* Not yet, to know my ſelf
Conſcious of any action ſhould contract
The Prince's brow, or yours, much leſs deſerve
The horrid name of guilt againſt the Kings,
Yours, and *Maria*'s honour.
*Car.* Did not you Sir court my Sifter?
*Man.* Never Sir.
*Car.* Doe not you love her?
*Man.* Heaven in that word includes all that we owe

His

His precept; 'Tis my justice, Sir, to love her;
But with a greater distance, than she is
From me remov'd by birth; and if her smile
Meant the reward of my attendance, Sir,
At any time have met with false observers,
Their tongues, and no audacious thought of mine,
Or application, are in fault; I have,
Beside the lesson of my birth, been taught
A piety from your favours, Sir, to know
My self their creature, and with humble thoughts
To shew my gratitude, not proudly assume
(Could she descend) a Courtship to *Maria*,
Who by the King, & every good mans vote,
Is meant a sacred pledge to *Portugal*,
To chain two kingdoms.

*Car.* If this, *Manuel*,
Be truth——

*Man.* Without condition of my liberty,
Or dread of what *Antonio* shall attempt
In his revenge, my soul dare wth ith an oath
Confirm it at the Altar.

*Car.* This doth please me.
Possess thy first place in my friendship, *Manuel*;
*Antonio* shall embrace thee too, his ear
And mine have been abus'd.

*Man.* There was
A providence upon our Swords, that meant
Less fatall than his passion shew'd, when we
Last met, against whose weapon threatning me first,
The safety of my fame, more than my life,
Call'd up my just defence.

*Car.* I do beleeve thee;
To what a loss of virtue, and of blood
Credulity engageth? this shall be
No more thy dwelling; Prince *Antonio*
Shall for thy honor make it his own act,

Who yet believes thy interest in *Maria*
Hath made his Courtship vain, and will I fear,
Not presently admit thy innocence
Into his quiet faith, but I'll convince him.
*Man.* If he but knew my heart, he should not need
Much argument; no man can love with honour,
And let his thoughts divide upon two Mistrisses.
I have contracted love———
*Car.* With whom? may Time,
When this World fails, and Nature grows decrepit;
Present it to Eternity. (within it,
*Man.* This prayer opens my heart, and all the wealth
Commands me draw the Curtain from her name,
That you may read my *Clara*,
And I shall beseech your Graces smile---
*Car.* Your *Clara*? what
The Duke *Mendoza*'s Daughter?
*Man.* You have nam'd her.
*Car.* No, I am i'th' dark still, speak agen,
Or rather say, thou hast mistook, it is
Some other *Clara*, and not the Lady
I understand.
*Man.* Life cannot bribe me with another wealth,
Or death with all his horrours make me desert
That name.
*Car.* What a strange Sea-breach has
This little storm of breath made here allready?
I was taking pains to unconcern the jealousie
Of *Antonio*, and find him my own Rivall;
Thou hadst been kinder to have lov'd *Maria*
My Sister, though *Antonio* had sworn
Thy death, and the Kings anger with my own
Had met thee like a torrent, than presum'd
This interest in *Clara*.
*Man.* I see no
Such mighty danger in't.

*Car.*

*Car.* I'll tell thee, *Manuel*,
Thou haſt invaded all my joys, I love her.
*Man.* Honor forbid it, Sir.
*Car.* Honor's a dream,
And a cold everlaſting ſleep muſt chain
My ſoul up; for if once it wake, and know
What thou haſt torn from't, it will vex it ſelf
Into a flame, and turn thee into aſhes.
*Ma.* Never til now unhappy, with my weight
I ſee my ſelf now bearing down before me,
A rotten part of ſome prodigious mountain
Into the ſea; with which I ſhall ſoon mingle.
*Ca.* Collect thy ſelf betimes, and give her back
Unſullied with thy clame, releaſe thy own,
And with her, every thought as much a virgin
As her ſoul was, when firſt I courted her,
Or thou art loſt——
*Man.* With greater juſtice, Sir,
Command to uncreate my ſelf, as call
My faith or heart agen.
*Ca.* How?
*Man.* Sir, my life,
The cement that doth hold this frame together,
You have power to melt, or but command my exile;
And I may live far off, and be forgotten
By all, but *Clara*; but to ask that back,
Which with the full conſent of heaven I gave her
(And in exchange receiv'd her equall vow)
I dare not, or if I had will, to be
So falſe to honour, 'tis within my heart
So rivetted, I may with as much innocence
Commit a rape, or murder, as attempt it.
*Ca.* You have no doubt a valour too, that dare
Love with ſo fierce a reſolution.
*Man.* When I am maſter of my ſword, I dare
Not draw it againſt you; but he that lives

Beneath

Beneath you, may have little time to wish
Himself unmade that would divorce us.
*Car.* Leave me, leave me—— *Ex.* Man.
How many loves are shaken with one tempest?
And if one suffer, ruin'd all? I know
The faith he bears me, and the reverence
He gives my blood, will never be provok'd
To fight against my person; but I must not
By tameness give my self a publike wound;
He shall be master of his sword and freedom,
And then let fate determine; *Clara* must
Be mine, or make a Bridegroom of his dust. *Exit.*

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# ACT. III.

*Enter Gentlemen of Prince* Antonio, *preparing a Banquet.*

1. PRince *Carlo*'s not come yet.
2. My Lord *Piracquo*
And his son *Manuel* are expected too.
1. I wonder at this hasty reconcilement;
We did imagine it as possible
The two Poles should have met, as they together
Friends at a Banquet.
2. In my opinion, peace, and wine, and musick,
Are more convenient for the naturall body,
Than swords or guns.
1. And for the politick too,
If men were but so wise to like, and cherish
Their own estates: If I had all the Plate
In the *Indies*, I'd not give a silver spoon
To have my head cut off.
2. Why is not the great Duke *Roderigo* here?

1. Who, the Kings Evil Genius? he was
Invited, but excus'd himself.
2. Why, there's
A Statesman, that can side with every faction,
And yet most subtly can untwist himself
When he hath wrought the business up to danger.
He lives within a labyrinth, some think
He deals with the devil, and he looks like one,
With a more Holiday face.
1. But he hath so behav'd himself,
That no man now dare much confide in him.
They are come.

*Enter* Antonio, Carlo, Piracquo, Manuel.

*An.* Don *Manuel*, the Prince hath made me know
My error, and your worth.
*Ma.* He has too much honor'd me,
And you have reason to command for this
The service of my life.
*An.* You are not pleasant, Sir--
My Lord *Piracquo*.
*Pi.* Your Highness humble servant.
*Car.* All is not
Reconcil'd here, I but suppress a flame,
To give it vent more dangerous.
*An.* A free welcom to all;
Sit, and some wine; this Musick is not
Sprightly enough: To his Majesty of *Spain*—
*Pi.* He that doth pledge the Kings health with a murmur
May his next thirst inflame him to drink poyson.
*Car.* The King hath a true servant in *Piracquo*.
*Man.* He that is not, had never sense of honor,
And may he perish like a base soul, that dares
Harbour a thought disloyall. To your Highness.
*An.* Give me another:
This wine looks cheerful as my heart, to drink

The

The Princeſs fair *Maria*'s health.

*Car.* My turn
Will come, Sir, to be gratefull.

*An.* Here my Lord.

*Pi.* May ſwift time perfect by your ſacred Loves,
The happineſs of both kingdoms.

*Man.* May that day,
That ſeals your glorious *Hymen*, Sir, be ever
Holy within our Calendar, and beget
A faith, that all things then begun, may proſper.

*An.* I thank thee, *Manuel*.

*Car.* Sir, you may
Believe *Don Manuel*'s language, and his heart
Are twins, they bear one date of time, & ſenſe.
You muſt now give me leave, Sir, to requite
You in part; A health to the King of *Portugal*;
Let it move this way, *Manuel*.

*Ma.* It ſhall
With humble thoughts be entertain'd--you honor me.

*Pi.* It is but Juſtice *Manuel*; for when *Spain*
Would not acknowledge, nor allow us being,
Our lives were welcome there, till better ſtars
Sent him, to whoſe bounty we ow all that's left us.

*Car.* No more o'that my Lord, I am very confident,
In any honorable cauſe, you dare
Expreſs your faith to me; and for your ſon,
We two have been companions, I dare ſay,
Our hearts are toucht by one Magnetick virtue,
And ſuch a ſympathy, I cannot wiſh
What's deareſt to me, but he flies t'embrace it.

*Ma.* I like not this——

*Car. Manuel*, begin a health:
We have had my Siſters and the Kings already,
Name your own Miſtris for the next. (Sir,

*Ma.* I ſhould conclude her worthy of remembrance,
Whom were firſt preferr'd. Will your Grace pleaſe

To let me have the honor——

*An.* Come, to me.

*Ma.* To the white hand of faireſt *Iſabella.*

*An.* Would ſhe were
Preſent to thank you *Manuel.*

*Car.* 'Tis an affront, as *Clara* were his own
Allready; ha! civilitie and honor
Preſcribe me patience, dares he inſult?
When this hath had the ceremony, *Manuel*,
'T ſhall be my office to remember *Clara*;
I muſt have time to quit the favour, Sir,
Y'ave done my Miſtris; in your ear; though I
Was pleaſed to reconcile you to the Prince,
And order your enlargement, *Clara* muſt
Be mine, or one of us be nothing; you
May think on't yet.

*Ma.* I have Sir, and to ſhew
How much I can obey, and that I have not
Intruded like a thief upon your treaſure,
And filcht her heart away, 'tis now within
Her choice agen, if you prevail upon
Her kinder thoughts, I can ſit down deſpis'd.

*Car.* Thou art my beſt friend now. *Antonio*---
Me-thinks we are not pleaſant--- if ſhe ſhould
Be a little obſtinate, it would become,
And ſpeak the bravery of thy ſoul, and ſervice,
To uſe ſome language for me, wo't thou *Manuel*?
Thou doſt not know the ſufferings of my ſoul
For *Clara.*

*Man.* But I pitty 'em.

*Car.* 'Tis new balſom
Into my wounds; where is the health, *Piracquo*?
I feel new ſpirits dancing in my blood,
The health begun to *Clara* languiſheth,
Why ſhould I want it, Gentlemen?

*An.* It was nam'd

y *Manuel* to my Sister *Isabella*;
rince *Carlo*, you forget.
*Car.* To *Isabella*?
our Graces pardon, I confess my error,
forgot her indeed, but could your wishes
ranslate that Princess hither, she should be
witness of my honourable thoughts.

*Enter* Isabella *with Ladies.* (*Musick.*)

What Magick's this? do any know that face?
*Pi.* 'Tis very like the Princess *Isabella*.
*Ca.* I would she were a Ghost; *Antonio*,
a you got enchantments?
*Is.* You may stay, Sir.
*Ca.* I love not to converse with spirits.
*Ma.* Sir,
This is no shadow.
*Car.* It is to me, Sir.
leet me at *Clara*'s, or be lost to honour. *Exit.*
*Is.* It was your Counsell brother, that reserv'd me
or this first entertainment. My good Lord
*iracquo*, and *Don Manuel*, you seem not
o much affrighted, as the Prince.
*Pi.* A devill
n such a shape could never fright me, Madam;
ut persons of your quality shift not so
uch air without a noise; the motion
f Princes has much rumor to attend it.
*Is.* I chose to come so private, I arriv'd
he City but last evening.
*Ma.* You have much
onour'd *Madrid*.
*Is.* Why, how now brother, are
ou frighted too?
*An.* Yes, and do sweat at soul,
o see our selves neglected.

*Is.* Some are not fortified against a sudden accident;
In my desert, and innocence, I can
Interpret nothing yet in my dishonour,
Since joyes have extasies sometimes, and with
Their rapture may transport our senses from us,
As soon as any other passion.
Besides, I heard him wish me here a witness
Of honourable thoughts, he has but now
Remov'd his person, to acquaint the King,
With greater preparation to receive
A Guest so unexpected.

*Pi.* But I like not the Prince's humor, you
Had whisperings *Mannel* I observ'd.

*Man.* I shall
Keep nothing Sir in Clouds from you.

*An.* Thou sha't direct me *Isabella*, wee'l to Court
My Lord *Piracquo*, *Manuel*.

*Is.* How ere
I put a valiant brow on his neglect,
And seem to make a gloss in his defence,
My soul is sick with fear.

*An.* Come *Isabella*.

*Pi.* We both attend your grace. *Exit.*

*Enter* Roderigo.

*Ro.* My engins want success, *Piracquo* is
Restor'd to his full being, and his Son
At large, and reconcil'd by *Carlo*'s act.
My Nephew had been better to have wak'd
A sleeping Dragon, than have crost my aims;
He has rescu'd them, but drawn upon his bosome
As many wounds as policy and my
Revenge can make. I was too tame, to strike
At useless Shrubs, that hinder not my prospect;
My thoughts should have no study but a Kingdome;
It is my Heaven, and this young Cedar spread

Betwixt

betwixt my eyes, and it; I have allready
betray'd his love to *Clara*, and the King
That hath made up an Idoll to himself
Of honour, is inflam'd to my own wishes;
I know the Prince will be impatient
To hear his Mistris tost by the Kings anger,
And he may leap into some disobedience,
That may be worth my second charge to sink him;
And then *Piracquo*, *Manuel*, and the Kingdome
Shall stoop to my devotion; yet I carry
A smiling brow to all, and please the King,
To think I am reconcil'd.

*Enter* Carlo.

My Nephew——— (coming

*Car.* Where is the King?

*Ro.* Where I left him displeas'd, and was now
To Prince *Antonio*'s Lodgings to acquaint you.

*Car.* With what?

*Ro.* Have you contracted love with Duke *Mendoza*'s
Daughter, the Lady *Clara*?

*Car.* What officious
Tongue hath been bold to mention her?

*Ro.* He has
Had some intelligence, and is almost grown
Wild with the strange resentment, I not knowing
What to object against his passion, thus
Surpriz'd, you may believe apply'd what lenitives
My understanding could collect o'th' sudden;
With confidence, when you came to give account,
The accusation would fall off, and he
Appear too credulous against your honour.

*Ca.* It were no treason to *Castile*, my Lord,
If I confest this mighty fact.

*Ro.* 'Tis justice
If you doe love her honourably, to avow it.

*Ca.* *Isabella* is no Angell.
*Ro.* Nor is *Clara*
Of an extraction to digrace a Prince.
*Ca.* Though he be my Father, he did not
Beget my Soul; who's with him?
*Ro.* I left the Duke *Mendoza.*
*Ca.* Has he made
Complaint o'me? 'tis well; let me preserve
Good Uncle still your loving thoughts; it is
In vain to move my Father now.
*Ro.* There is
A way, if you could but dissemble, Sir,
To set your wishes right, and Letters may
Be so contriv'd to *Portugall.*
*Ca.* The Princess
Is here allready Uncle.
*Ro.* *Isabella?*
*Ca.* Now with *Antonia*, and I am lost.
*Ro.* Would thou wert never to be found agen.
*Ca.* I must doe something.
*Ro.* The Princess thus
Affronted may be worth my own ambition.
Calm thoughts attend you Sir. *Exit.*

*Enter* Mendoza.

*Me.* I'm glad I came so well off from the King,
His anger made me tremble, I was jealous
Of more discovery, when he nam'd the Prince:
This Treason is a kind of a quotidian,
It leaves a man no intervall; I durst
Not mention *Pedro* at all, for fear
The King had skill in *Cabala*; I'm afraid
There's something in the very name, that may
With a small key be open'd to my danger.
*Ca.* You are well met my Lord, doe you know me?
*Me.* Know you Sir? yes I know you for——

*Car.*

*Car.* For what?

*Me.* The Prince, I hope; now I'm betray'd for certain,
Yet if he know it, he will not be so furious.

*Car.* Are you so much an enemy to your self,
To tell the King?

*Me.* I tell the King? alas
I dare not tell it to my Ghostly Father,
I have more regard to you, and my own life,
My Family's undone by it.

*Car.* By what Sir?

*Me.* Nay if you know not, I know not neither, Sir;
What doe you mean?

*Car.* Am not I worthy in your opinion
Your Daughter *Clara*'s love?

*Me.* Oh, is that all?

*Car.* But you must dote, and tell the King on't.

*Me.* I? I disclaim it, by my life and honour.

*Car.* I thought you had lov'd me Sir.

*Me.* He is a Traitour
That dares accuse me; now I may speak boldly;
My Bloud and Fortune have a little name
I'th' World, to which make an addition of
My Life, my Daughter *Clara* too, were these
In ballance against you, they would be light,
And their whole loss repaird, to see you happy:
If this be false, a Whirlwind snatch me Sir,
And let me hang in some prodigious Cloud
'Twixt Earth and Heaven.

*Car.* This is a bold expression.

*Me.* But I must tell you Sir, for your own sake,
I would not have you love my Daughter *Clara*,
Were she in beauty, person, and all ornaments,
Fortune and Nature could bestow, more excellent
Than *Isabella*.

*Car.* Why an't please your Wisedome?

*Me.* Sir in my love to you, and *Isabella*,

My

My duty to your Father, and the Kingdome,
Nay for my Daughter's ſake, and all my hope
Of after-joyes, and for one other reaſon
Above all theſe, which I conceal; yet I
Complain'd not to the King.

*Car.* Excluding me,
Your Grace can be content, *Don Manuel*
Should have your Daughter.

*Me.* Rather than your Highneſs,
I know a reaſon for't.

*Car.* I muſt ſo too.

*Me.* Your Grace ſhall pardon me at this time.

*Car.* I wo'not Sir.

*Me.* If you'l needs have it, I have made a vow
I wo'not ask my Daughter bleſſing Sir;
If you two meet, and marry, ſhe may live
To be a Queen, and then I'll kneel to her,
Which is not in the Oath of my Allegiance.

*Car.* The old man raves. *Exit.*

*Enter* King, Maria.

*Me.* The King.

*Car.* He ſhall not ſee me
Till I know all my fate. *Exit.*

*Ki.* How doe you like the Prince *Antonio?*

*Ma.* Sir, if you allow me freedome——

*Ki.* You enjoy it.

*Ma.* His Perſon, Bloud, and expectations, are
High as the wiſhes of a Queen, and I
With pious gratitude acknowledge all
My duty, and my prayers a juſt return
To your great care; but give me Sir your pardon,
If I prefer ſome thoughts that prompt me to
A better choyce.

*Ki.* A better choyce? look back
Upon that character your breath but now

Deliver'd

Deliver'd in his honour.
*Ma.* I confirm it;
But when you hear me humbly beg I may
Perform religious duties Sir to Heaven,
You will think nature hath a place beneath 'em:
If I could find any consent to marriage,
*Antonio* would prefer himself the first
To my election: but if you were pleas'd——
*Ki.* You would be a Nunn?
*Ma.* That hath expreſt my wiſhes.
*Ki.* So I ſhould
Affront the Prince: how long *Maria* has
This fit of your Religion held you? ha!
No more, leaſt I ſuſpect this a pretence
To hide your love plac'd otherwiſe unfitly,
If I find where your heart is wandring——
*Ma.* It knows obedience better, and your name,
Than to chooſe any path leads not to honour.
*Ki.* I muſt direct it then to love *Antonio.*
My Children are turn'd rebell.
*Ma.* Sir I hope
My offer with your leave, to dedicate
My life to prayer, and Virgin-thoughts, will merit
A better name.
*Ki.* Your brother *Carlo* too
Will find himſelf at loſs, if he collect not
Himſelf, and make our Royall Promiſe good
To *Iſabella*; while my ſtudies are
To make the Kingdome firm by our alliance
With *Portugall*, he courts the Lady *Clara.*
*Ma.* I would ſhe were his Bride, ſo I had *Manuel.*
*Ki.* And you at the ſame time, and height of both
The Kingdoms expectations, would take a Cloyſter,
Is this to pay obedience to a Father,
Whoſe cares have kept him wake to make you happy?
*Ma.* Goodneſs forbid, that *Carlo* or *Maria*

Should

Should move me to juſt anger.

*Ki.* This is virtue.

*Enter Courtier, and whiſpers with the King.*

*Ma.* He is paſſionate, and Love that makes all Ladies
Apt and ingenious to contrive, cannot
Inſpire or help me with an heart to advance
A little hope.

*Ki.* It cannot be! *Maria*,
We are ſurpriz'd, the Princeſs *Iſabella*
Is privately arriv'd, and come to Court;
Where is our Son? all ſhould prepare to meet her. *Exe.*

*Enter* Carlo *and* Clara.

*Car.* You may believe I trifle not.

*Cla.* The Princeſs *Iſabella* come?

*Car.* Now if but *Clara* think I honour her,
And inſtantly accept what I am willing
In preſence of the Prieſt and Heaven to give her,
The Ceremony waits to make all perfect.

*Enter* Manuell.

*Cla.* I dare not Sir.

*Car.* Say but you love, and that will teach you valour;
I bring not onely proof of my own loyalty,
Which if examin'd muſt invite thy faith,
But thy ſecurity, a Releaſe from *Manuell*;
His ſoul is on my ſide, and comes to render
In pity of thy wound, a balm into
Thy breath; be gentle *Clara*.

*Cla.* A Releaſe? of what?

*Ma.* Of all, thy Promiſe hath made mine;
Obſerve me wiſely *Clara*, and diſtinguiſh,
As far as honour will permit, how long, (thee;
And with what bleeding thoughts the Prince affects
For I have look'd into his ſoul, and back
Upon the feeble merits of my ſelf,
And therefore giving thy own Vows agen,

I dis-engage their ſtrength to bind thee *Clara*,
And to that ſweetneſs thy firſt boſome had,
Remit thy quiet thoughts.
*Car.* Th'art juſt.
*Cla.* Pray give
Me leave to underſtand this myſtery,
To give me back all thoſe aſſurances
Of Love my Promiſe made, I'll not diſpute
For what unworthineſs I am neglected.
*Ma.* I dare not be ſo impious.
*Cla.* Then here I take
My liberty again.
*Ma.* You have it.
*Cla.* Now I with ſafety of my honor, may
Chooſe where I pleaſe.
*Ma.* You may.
*Cla.* And you deſire it;
You have power I muſt confeſs to give me from you
Into my own poſſeſſion, but no title
Now to direct my heart, then though I meet
My own deſpair, here I give *Clara* back,
And with new Vows as ſtrong as my Religion,
And Love can make, contract my ſelf agen
To Death, or *Manuell*.
*Car.* A Conſpiracy!
*Cla.* I have reſign'd no intereſt in him,
And by new choyce—am not my own agen.
*Car.* So, ſo, it is as poſſible in our deſtinies
We ſhould enjoy her both, as live together,
When *Clara* is thy Bride.
*Cla.* That ſound was tragicall;
Oh call thoſe fatall words agen, and think
That if with ſafety of my faith I cannot
Meet your deſires allready, you will force
My ſoul to greater diſtance, by deſtroying
What moſt I love; I know you doe but fright me.

*Ma.*

*Ma.* If I be mark'd for your revenge, I dare not
Think you will ſtain your honour, to contrive
My death ignobly. [*They whiſper.*
*Cl.* What was that he mention'd?
Sir, by your name and blood I charge you hear me,
By theſe (your rage compels) a Virgins tears,
I can kneel too, take your revenge on me,
'Tis I that have offended, for your ſake
He did return the intereſt I gave him,
But 'twas not in his power to revoke
Himſelf made mine, nor dare I quit poſſeſſion.
*Car.* I have but tryed thy virtue, *Manuel*
And I are friends.
*Cl.* That was a heavenly language.
*Car.* Our ſwords ſhall ſerve to nobler uſes; *Clara*,
I'll not diſturb the progreſs of your Mariage;
And ſince I ſee you're fixt ſo gloriouſly,
Proceed to your own *Hymen*, I'll attend you,
And witneſs all your holy rites.
*Cl.* Bleſt change!
What prayers and duty can reward his goodneſs?
*Car.* I hope you'll not deny for my paſt ſervice,
Madam, your ſmile upon me, which ſhall be
A triumph after all my wounds receiv'd,
And boaſt a glory next to be your husband;
For I conſider now I am unfit.
Farewell, we may ſalute. Remember, *Manuel*,
The time and place. *Exit.*
*Cla.* What was it the Prince whiſper'd?
*Ma.* Nothing, Madam,
To fright your cheek to paleneſs.
*Cl.* I do tremble!
*Ma.* Were all this reconcilement a diſguiſe,
And that he meant revenge, ſhould time and place
Fit his intents, and I ſhould meet his anger,
Let this ſecure thy peace, his honor will

Not

Not let him wound me baſely, and when I
Lift up a ſword 'gainſt him, fate let me dye.

*Exeunt.*

---

# *ACT.* IV.

*Enter* Pedro.

*Pe.* My Lord is coming to my chamber, he
Has been with the King, I ſee my ſelf allready
Knight of the order of the *Calatravn*,
And my Commiſſion ſign'd for the State Secretary.
I am not the firſt ſervant of the Court
Has kept his Lord in aw; theſe Secrets are
An excellent curb to ride a Stateſman with,
That is not come to the art of poyſoning.
I know he wiſhes heartily I were hang'd;
I tryed him once for the wars, to find his pulſe,
And I was liſted Captain, before ſome
The Generall knew had been ſeven years in ſervice
(As Uſhers to right honourable Ladies)
There was his Graces commendations
To a Field-officer, that ſhould drill me out,
The firſt to dye, with honor on ſome on-ſlaught;
So quitted that preferment.

*Enter* Mendoza.

He is come; I'll take no notice.
*Men.* If he liv'd at the t'other end of th' world,
He might betray me in the next packet: Ha!
*Pe. Item* I bequeath——
*Me.* What art thou doing?
*Pe.* Only making up my Will, Sir; and my ſelf
Ready for the *Indies*; 'tis a long voyage,

And

And therefore I would ſettle every thing
Before I go; if your Grace pleaſe to honor me,
I would make you my Executor.

*Me.* But when,
Will you dye *Pedro*? ha?

*Pe.* Sir, there be ſtorms,
Abroad, and who does know how ſoon the waves
May rore, and crack the cabins?

*Me.* Ha!

*Pe.* There may be Calentures, my Lord, and twenty
Devices to be met at ſea, beſide
The land diſeaſes; there be Hurricanoes
Are boyſterous enough to tear up mountains,
And ſtrike a ſhip clean through o' t'other ſide
To the Antipodes.

*Me.* He deals with the devil, and knows my thoughts.
There's no haſt to make your will, I have
Conſider'd o'the buſineſs, and truth is,
I cannot find my heart willing to part with thee,
So far thou haſt been faithfull; we will live
And dye together.

*Pe.* By no means, my Lord:
I am reſolv'd I will not live in *Spain*
A moneth, for as much plate as the next Fleet
Brings home; no, I beſeech your Grace excuſe me.

*Me.* Why *Pedro*?

*Pe.* If your Grace pleaſe I ſhall be Knighted,
Or have the Office you have promis'd, do't,
And do't betime, it will be worſe for both elſe.

*Me.* You do not threaten to reveal the buſineſs?

*Pe.* Laſs, there be other matters, Sir, as dangerous,
And if you love your ſelf, or honor, finiſh——
I cannot help it.

*Me.* I am all a bath!
*Pedro*, why doſt thou fright me ſo? if thou
Beeſt honeſt, ther's no mortal can betray us.

*Pe.* Worſe,

*Pe.* Worſe, worſe than that; let me go travel, Sir,
And far enough; it is not poſſible
That I ſhould ſtay, and you preſerve your wits.
*Me.* The reaſon?
*Pe.* It will make you mad to hear it, Sir,
But 'tis my deſperate fate, the ſtars command it;
Would I had never ſeen ——
*Me.* What?
*Pe.* A face that I could name.
*Me.* If it concerns not
The other myſtery, let me hear it, *Pedro*,
I will be arm'd.
*Pe.* Why then you'll cut my throat;
You cannot hold your hand; pray let me go,
And you may ſave all yet.
*Me.* Thou doſt torment me.
*P.* And yet it is no fault of mine, directly,
We are all fleſh and blood — oh Sir.
*Me.* Out with it.
*Pe.* You'll curſe me when you know it.
I would your Grace would gueſs, but 'tis impoſſible;
'Tis working to get out, I am ——
*Me.* Well ſayd.
*Pe.* Oh Sir, I am -- I am -- in love -- now 'tis out.
*Me.* That all?
*Pe.* All? a Piſtol to a Maravide you draw
Your Rapier preſently upon me, and
If I name but the party, will not have
The patience to foin, but tilt it at me.
Sir, do not know't; what will become of me?
It will be ſafer, Sir, to hoyſt ſayls yet,
No matter whither, So I never come
Agen; for if I ſee one face too often,
Both you, and I, and ſhe's undone: I have
Beaten my ſelf allready, faſted, prayed,
Been drunk, and pray'd agen, nothing will kill

Concupiſcence——oh Sir.

*Me.* Why, this is raving.

*Pe.* I, you may call it what you pleaſe, but here
She lies a croſs that muſt, or doe the deed,
Or make poor *Pedro* miſerable.

*Me.* How he ſweats?
*Pedro* do not deſpair, this feaver may
Be cur'd, it may.

*Pe.* Indeed you can do much;
For to ſay truth, your Grace is both acquainted,
And has no ſmiall command upon the party.

*Me.* Nay then be confident——who is't?

*Pe.* It is--ſhall I name her?

*Me.* By my honor I will beat thee elſe.

*Pe.* Why ſo then;
The pretty ſoul, I will confeſs to you,
Whom, if I ſtay, I muſt——

*Me.* Enjoy; this ſuch a buſineſs?

*Pe.* Is--it--*Clara*, your Graces one, & only daughter.

*Me.* Ha! [*draws.*

*Pe.* I told you this afore, but do not do't, Sir, now,
I rather look for't in the next ſallad,
Or in my mornings draught; there's ſpice i' your cloſet;
Or we have *Spaniſh* figs. (hope

*Me.* Thou moſt unheard-of impudence! how can'ſt
I ſhould not cut thy head off? ſirrah, raſcall.

*Pe.* To theſe things humane nature has been prone;
But if you kill me, Sir, there is a ſcedule,
A Secret in a bag of writings, left
In a friends hand--nay I did look for this,
There is an Inventory of Goods were ſtoln;
The *Anno Domini*, with *Ætatis ſuæ*
Set down, the day o'th' moneth, and place remembred,
If theſe do not revenge my death——

*Me.* Why ſo; a pox upon thee--yet come hither,
And let me cut thy tongue out.

*Pe.* I confeſs
I am not fit to marry, Sir, a Lady of
Her Princely birth and fortune, all conſider'd;
Alas, I know I am a wreth--- but ——
*Me.* Thou wouldſt have her to be thy whore, & me
Thy pander to ſpeak for thee-- rogue, devill,
I muſt kill thee, there is no remedy.
*Pe.* Hold, you miſtake me, Sir, 'tis no ſuch buſineſs.
*Me.* What wouldſt thou have then?
*Pe.* I would go beyond ſea, I, to the *Indies*, Sir,
Or turn a Haddack by the way; ſend me
To the new Iſlands, or *Japan.*
*Me.* From whence you may ſend Letters to the King;
No ſirrah, I'll not truſt you.
*Pe.* 'Tis a hard caſe, my Lord, I have dangerous ſailing
Betwixt your Graces *Scylla* and her *Caribdis.*
*Me.* I dare not kil him; why do I not kil my ſelf then?
No, I wo'not, I will talk reaſon to him;
Come hither ſirra, my tormentor.
*Pe.* I Sir——
*Me.* If your hot blood muſt have a cooler, will
None ſerve your rogues turn, but my daughter *Clara*?
Say thou art mad--
*Pe.* I have too many ſenſes.
*Me.* Or if your wantonneſs muſt be confin'd
Within my walls ——
*Pe.* The more my ſorrow——but I'll try my Lord,
If you will give me leave, for your ſake, Sir,
Among her Gentlewomen, what I can do
To conjure down my devil, I will take
Some phyſick too, Sir, every thing will help;
Would I were whipt, my Lord——
*Me.* Whipt with a vengeance?
*Pe.* But I am griev'd
For your vexation, and my ſcurvey fortune;
But if there be a wench, a witch, a medicine

Above ground, that can give me any charm,
Your Grace ſhall hear no more on't--- So, your pardon.
And now my Lord, let your unworthy ſervant
Have leave to ask one queſtion; does not your Grace
Suſpect me monſtrouſly? nay d'ee not think
I do preſume too much upon your fears?
And that the knowledge of this Secret makes
Me bold and ſawcy, my good Lord?
*Me.* 'Tis all too true, but 'tis not in my brain
To help't, unleſs I take ſome courſe to kill thee.
*Pe.* How?
*Me.* I fear I ſhall be driven to't; one fit
Like this will work my impatience up: look to't.
*Pe.* Why, then I'll tel your Grace an eaſie way
To remove all your jealouſie, and never
Trouble your brain with ſtudy how to kil me,
A moſt compendious way.
*Me.* I would I knew it.
*Pe.* 'Tis but my going to the Court, my Lord,
And if you be not cur'd within an hour
After I have told the King a ſtory, how
Your wife the Dutcheſs loſt -- I ha' done--
Fear nothing.

*Enter Lord.*

*Lo.* Is not Prince *Carlo* here?
*Me.* Not here, my Lord.
*Lo.* 'Tis the Kings pleaſure you attend him preſently,
Your daughters preſence is expected too
Among the Ladies, for the entertainment
Of Princeſs *Iſabella*, new arriv'd the Court.
*Me.* We humbly wait to kiſs his hand.
*Pe.* Shall I attend?
*Me.* I am reſolv'd now not to ſleep without thee,
And in the day, I'll look upon thee, *Pedro*,
As thou wert my great Seal, and I thy keeper.

*Pe.* Yet

*Pe.* Yet I may give you a ſlip.
*Me.* We'll to *Clara*:
The Princeſs *Iſabella* come ſo private, ha! *Pedro*?
*Pe.* I am here, my Lord. *Exeunt*

*Enter* Manuel.

*Ma.* This is the place by his commands to meet in;
It has a ſad and fatall invitation.
A Hermit that forſakes the world for prayer,
And ſolitude, would be timorous to live here.
There's not a ſpray for birds to perch upon;
For every tree that over-looks the vale,
Carries the mark of lightning, and is blaſted.
The day which ſmil'd as I came forth, and ſpread
Fair beams about, has taken a deep melancholy,
That ſits more ominons in her face than night;
All darkneſs is leſs horrid than half light.
Never was ſuch a ſcene for death preſented,
And there's a ragged mountain peeping over
With many heads, ſeeming to crowd themſelves
Spectators of ſome Tragedy; but I'll
Prevent 'em all; though my obedience
Inſtructed me to wait here, it ſhall not
Be brib'd to draw my ſword againſt the Prince;
And in his honor I am ſafe, how e'r
This ſenſe of *Clara*'s loſs tranſport him, 'tis not
Within his nature to be impious.
And if I gain his friendſhip, I return
With triumph to my *Clara*.
*Within*——help, help.

*Enter Prince* Carlo's *Page.*

*Pa.* Oh help, *Don Manuel*, help for heavens ſake.
*Ma. Celio* the Princes page? where is the Prince?
*Pa.* Oh Sir, I fear he's ſlain.
*Ma.* By whom?

*Pa.* The Devill, or one not very much unlike him,
A More, that basely set upon him, sure
He has dispatcht the Prince, he persues me,
And if he have, Death shall be welcome to me,
For I am not fit to live, and lose my Master.
He's here, and his sword bloudy.

*Enter* Carlo *like a More.*

*Ma.* Villain! were all thy bloud rivers of balm,
Or such a floud as would restore a life
To the departed World, it should be all
A sacrifice to *Carlo.* (*They fight.*)
*Pa.* Hold, hold *Don Manuell.* (derer?
*Ma.* Canst thou be mercifull to the Princes Mur-
*Pa.* Curse on my Duty to obey so far.
My Lord, the Prince is slain, you are wounded too.
*Ma.* The Prince!
*Car. Don Manuell,* I forgive thee.
*Ma.* Pray Heaven this be a Dream; for if my hand
Have been so much a Traitour, it shall call
No other aid in your revenge: Are you
Prince *Carlo?*
*Car.* I was.
*Ma.* That voyce shall be my sentence.
*Car.* Hold, I charge thee by thy honour, *Manuell.*
*Ma.* Why did you wear this black upon you Sir?
Or how could art of man contrive a Cloud
Which this Soul had no eyes to penetrate? (ingly,
*Car.* I knew thou wouldst not fight against me know-
And if I fell, I meant it to secure
Thy act from punishment, when in this darkness
I took my leave o'th' World, onely that boy,
Whom I compel'd to feign me wounded, so
To make thee draw thy sword; but with my bloud
I feel my spirits vanish, if I have
But breath enough, I send by thee a kiss

To thy own *Clara* now.

*Ma.* Oh, help good boy!
For tis no time to curse thee now, my horse
Is not far off, this scarf may stay his bleeding
Untill we meet with better Surgerie.
Now Heaven reprieve my strength but to convey him
To some good place, and I resign my self
To all the justice you will call me to. *Exit.*

*Enter* King, Mendoza, Roderigo, Antonio, Pedro, Lord.

*Ki.* Y'are all but my tormentors; where's *Piracquo*?

*Enter* Piracquo.

*Ro.* His son is absent too.
*Pir.* Have comfort Sir.
*An.* Our neglect is lost in the Generall Cause,
What doe you think my Lord *Mendoza*? (fortable.
*Men.* This no news of the Prince is not so com-

*Enter* 1 *Lord.*

*Ki.* The news you bring?
*Lo.* Unless he had left the Kingdom--
*Ki.* Be dumb— and he had left the World
Your cares might have persued him; if he
Return not, you have murdred him.
*Ro.* My Stars are now
At work in Heaven, their influence is powerful,
I will adore the Sun if it dissolve not
This mist in which the Prince is lost; I am
Content thou be a Constellation *Carlo*,
In any Sphere but this.

*Enter a Messenger with a Letter to* Piracquo.

*Pir.* To me? 'tis *Manuel's* character.
*Lo.* Unless we hear some good news of the Prince,

I fear we loſe the King too.

*An.* 'Tis ſtrange none ſhould attend him but his

*Ro.* I fear ſome plot is practis'd 'gainſt his life,
But dare not ſpeak.

2 *Lo.* That's it diſtracts the King,
Whoſe fears are helpt by a ſad dream he had
Laſt night.

*Ro.* My Lord *Piracquo*'s ſon is miſſing too.

*Pi.* Comfort your ſelf till my return,
I'll find 'em, or ne'r ſee your face agen.

*Ki.* Well ſaid *Piracquo*, all my prayers go with thee.

*Me. Pedro.* *Exit* Pir.

*Pe.* My Lord.

*Me.* I know not what to ſay, but ſtand
Before, they may not ſee me weep.

*Pe.* Sir, I muſt confeſs———

*Me.* Ha! Confeſs?

*Pe.* You are ſtill ſuſpicious, have a true heart,
And let your conſcience look leſs abroad Sir,
If he be dead, your trouble's over Sir;
We muſt all dye, Death has his ſeverall waies
And times to take us off, ſome expire humbly
I'th' Cradle, ſome diſmiſt upon a Scaffold——

*Enter* Iſabella, Maria, Clara.

*Me.* Come hither, doe not name a Scaffold, I
Was innocent thou knowſt, the plot was all
My Ladies, and not one ſurvives the Secret,
But we two.

*Pe.* Keep your own counſell Sir,
This Fatherly affection may doe harm,
He could not dye in better time.

*Ki.* Madam, can you,
Whoſe honour ſeems to ſuffer by this abſence,
Have ſo much charity to comfort me?

*Iſa.* He is not deſperate, while we have hope.

My

My Lord *Piracquo*'s ſon may wait upon him.

*Enter* Manuell.

*An.* Don *Manuell.*

*Ki.* Haſt brought news of my Son?

*Ma.* I can inform you a ſad ſtory Sir.

*Iſa.* Where is the Prince?

*Ma.* Not dead I hope.

*Ki.* Haſt thou a jealouſie will concern that fear?
My ſoul has been a Prophet: what misfortune?

*Ma.* If you have ſtrength to hear a truth
So ſad, he has been wounded. *Ex. Ladies.*

*Ki.* By what Traitour? look to the Princeſs.

*Ma.* I had not with ſuch boldneſs undertook
The Tragick Story, if I had not brought
The great Offender.

*Ki.* Oh, welcome *Manuell*——where's the Body?

*Ma.* Where it doth want no Surgery, but my Father
Is gone with all the wings his fear and duty
Can aid him with, at his return to acquaint you
With *Carlo*'s life, or death.

*Ro.* Would I were his Surgeon.

*Ki.* Thou haſt not nam'd the Villain yet, he may
Eſcape.

*Ma.* I have took order for his ſtay,
Untill your anger and the Laws conclude him.

*Ki.* Thou haſt done us ſervice.

*Ma.* And it will ſink by ſlow degrees into
Your faith, that he, who gave him all his wounds,
Was one that lov'd him faithfully.

*An.* Lov'd him?

*Ma.* Above his own life.

*Ro.* Torments oretake the Traitour.

*Ma.* 'Tis not well ſaid, with pardon of the King;
When I ſhall bring you to the weeping heart
Of this poor man, ſome may allow his penitence,

So

So great, it may invite a mercy to him;
Alas, he was betray'd to the black deed,
Both sword and soul compell'd to't.

*Ki.* Here's a prodigie!

*Ro.* Are you acquainted with the guilty person,
That you dare thus extenuate his fact?

*Ma.* I am, and dare produce him——here he stands,
So far from wishes to out-live the Prince,
He begs to wait upon his Shade.

*An.* Does he not bleed?

*Ki.* Apprehend his person.

*Ma.* They are but churlish drops,
And know not their own happiness; this wound
Was made by *Carlo*, yet how slow it weeps
To answer his effusion? could I reach
Their orifice, I'd kiss the crimson lips,
For his dear name that made 'em.

*Men.* Did he kill him?
Justice Sir, Justice! I beg for Justice
Upon this Murderer.

*Ro.* Now it works.

*Ki.* You? by what nearer interest in *Carlo*
Should you imagine we are slow to punish him?
'Twas a black hour when *Carlo* saw thee first,
Rewarded now for all his love; to prison with him,
And let him see no day. *Ex. guarded.*

*Ma.* I kiss your Sentence.

*An.* This circumstance is strange, I am not satisfied.
*Ex.* Ant. *after* Manuell.

*Enter* Clara.

*Ki.* How is the Princess?

*Cl.* Sir she is alive,
And would be glad to hear the Prince were so.

*Ki.* We cannot promise, *Clara*. *Roderigo*,
We should be satisfied where his Body is,

For

For 'tis without a Soul, I fear, by this time.
*Ro.* I could instruct the Surgeon a way
To make that sure. (derer. [*To* Clara.]
*Me.* And *Manuell* hath confess'd himself the Mur-
*Pe.* This change was unexpected.
*Cla.* Is he gone to Prison then?
*Me.* Go home, by that time thou
Hast wept out all thy tears, I'll come, and tell thee
A little sad tale *Clara*, that shall make
An end, and we will break our hearts together.
*Ki. Mendoza*?
*Me.* Sir.
*Ki.* Why does thy grief appear
So rude to out-swell mine? he was my Son.
*Me.* My tears are anger Sir, as well as grief,
That he that did commit this Paricide,
Should be so impudent to say he lov'd him.
*Ki.* That amazes me.
*Me.* But Traitours have their Gloss,
And dare expound their disobedient acts,
A branch of their allegiance: precious juggling!
Treason would be too ugly to appear
With his own face, but Duty and Religion
Are handsome visors to abuse weak sight,
That cannot penetrate beyond the bark,
And false complexion of things; I hope
You wo'not think a single death sufficient,
If *Julio* dye.
*Ki. Carlo* thou meanst——
*Me.* I, I, the Prince, I know not what I say Sir,
Things make me wild——
*Pe.* Take heed Sir what you say.

*Enter* Antonio, Roderigo *at one dore, and at the other dore* Piracquo, *and a Lord discourfing.*

*Piracquo* is return'd.

*Pi.* My ſon confeſs the deed, and ſent to Priſon? ſo.
*Ki.* Now Sir.
*An.* How is the Prince, my Lord?
*Pi.* This was an act of his laſt ſtrength, as when
A ſhort-liv'd Taper makes a blaze, it has
Direction to your Siſter Sir, and I
His laſt commands I fear--- [Pir. *gives* Ant. *a Letter.*
*An.* For the conveyance,
Truſt that to me---give this Sir to my Siſter. [*To his Servant.*
*Ki.* Then he is dead, *Piracquo*?
*Pi.* Not yet Sir,
But he hath ſuch a wound will not allow
Him many minutes life, 'tis mortall Sir,
They ſay, and wo'not pain him paſt next dreſſing.
*Ro.* How things ſucceed to my Ambition---Sir---
*Me.* I care not for my head, now let him take it,
'Tis but for keeping counſell.
*Ro.* It is apparent this misfurtune grew
From both their loves to *Clara.*
*Ki.* Thy ſon, *Piracquo*, dyes.
*Pi.* Great Sir, hear me.
*An.* *Manuell* affirms he did not know the Prince
I'th' habit of a More, and that his Page
By the command of *Carlo* told him, that
His Maſter had been wounded by that More,
To engage their fight.
*Pi.* All this the Prince acknowledg'd.
*Ro.* Theſe are devices to paint *Manuel*'s Treaſon.
*Pi.* I ſooner dare believe one accent from
The Prince's breath, when his juſt ſoul was parting,
Than all your Commentaries; I am bold;
Nor can the Law, and all your anger weigh
So heavy as my curſe, upon his head
That durſt lift up a Sword to wound the Prince:
But let not paſſion take away your juſtice,
'Tis that I kneel for.

*Ki.*

*Ki.* Against whom *Piracquo*?

*Pi.* 'gainst him that's guilty of the Prince's loss,
You may incline to think poor *Manuell* innocent.

*Ki.* What riddle's this?

*Ro.* Has not your son, *Piracquo*,
Confess'd himself the Murderer?

*An. Manuel's* fortune
Distracts the old man.

*Pi.* Pardon my love of truth, I here accuse
*Mendoza*, that hath slept so long in Treason.

*Me.* Ha——*Pe*----*Pedro.*

*Pi.* If he deny, I ha' proof to make him blush,
And sink him with dishonour; *Pedro* can
Relate a Story will be worth your wonder.

*Me.* Nay then 'tis come about, I see,
I cannot Sir confess in better time.
*Don Manuel* has accus'd himself unjustly
For *Carlo*'s death, that Prince, if I may trust
A Wife upon her death-bed——

*Enter* Isabella.

*Ki. Roderigo*——
Give us account from their examination,
And guide us in this Labyrinth. *Piracquo*
Return toth' Prince, what Death hath left of him
Command may be attended hither.

*Isa.* Sir, if you please, I have a great desire
To take a sad leave of the Prince, and kiss
His pale hands; ere his Body be embalm'd,
And sear-cloths hide him from us.

*Ki.* It will but
Enlarge your grief.

*An.* I will attend my Sister; my Lord *Piracquo*
You can best direct us. (*Exe.* Ant. Pir. Isa.

*Ro.* Convey 'em with a strong guard. [Men. *and* Ped.
(*under guard.*

*Pe.* What think you of an *Indian* voyage now Sir?

*Ro.*

Royes are firm at root, *Don Manuel*,
Sir, is not guilty of the Prince's death,
Yet ſtain'd with blood to merit execution.
He that is ſlain did but uſurp your bleſſing,
And was by the art of Duke *Mendoza*'s Lady,
Then Governeſs to the Prince, after the loſs
Of *Carlo*, that was ſtoln away an infant,
Put in his place; the Court has been long coſen'd.
*Ki.* This ſtory will want faith.
*Me.* The circumſtance will make all clear.
*Ki.* Expound the riddle as we walk, there's no
Condition more expos'd to care than Princes.
*Private men meet the force of common ſtings,*
*But none can feel the weight of Kings, but Kings.*
*Exeunt.*

---

## *ACT.* V.

*Enter* Mendoza, *and the Caſtellano.*

*Me.* A Very goodly pile; a handſom priſon!
*Ca.* It has been grac'd with perſons of ſome (honor.
*Me.* They had but little grace, as well as I,
That came to be your Tenants for all that.
*Signior*, where is my quondam ſervant?
My fellow priſoner, *Pedro*.
*Ca.* He is ſinging, Sir.
*Me.* What?
*Ca.* Catches.
*Me.* He has a fine time on't.
He need not clear his throat for a confeſſion,
He has done that already, and I too;
That trouble's over; and yet call him hither;
But I'll not ſing. Poor *Julio*, thou art gone,

And

And with thy eyes all my delights are clos'd,
My ſenſes vaniſh too apace--- I was
Too haſty when my Dutcheſs lay a dying
To viſit her; had I but ſtayd one hour,
She had been ſpeechleſs, and I had been happy
Without the reach of this unlucky Secret.

*Enter Caſtellano and* Pedro.

*Pe.* Does the houſe fill, Sir? theſe are active times,
And if all men had their deſerts, the State
Muſt be at charge to build new tenements
For Traytors.

*Ca.* The times are buſie, Sir.

*Pe.* They are indeed,
Good for al ſquires of the delinquent body
And ſable Twig.

*Ca.* You are very pleaſant, Sir.

*Pe.* You would not ſmile, I think, ſo much, if Juſtice
Should take a toy and turn about, it is
Within the hand of fate to fetch a compaſs,
With your own rod, & whip, you know what follows.

*Me.* Is this a time and place convenient, *Pedro*,
To ſing your catches? *Ex. Caſt.*

*Pe.* Yes, and pleaſe your Grace.
And cauſe my ſongs are ſet for three parts, Sir,
If it will pleaſe your Grace to take the Tenor,
And get the Prince's Page, newly committed,
To ſing the Treble, for the Baſe, let me alone.

*Me.* You can ſing that part at firſt ſight.

*Pe.* I can reach double ef-fa-uth: Shall the boy come?

*Me.* Yes, yes, why ſhould I grieve?

*Pe.* Why now you are right;
Let men that have no hope to get their freedom
Be ſullen, whine like whelps, and break their ſleep,
We muſt be jolly, and drink ſack, and ſing.

*Me.* We? why we? is any thing in our condition

Can

Can promise hope to be enlarg'd before
The rest? our state, if you consider, *Pedro*,
Exceeds, in being desperate, other mens,
As we out-sin them in the fact.

*Pe.* Why, there's your error, we are in for Treason, Sir,
That's to our comfort.

*Me.* Comfort? can there be
A greater charge?

*Pe.* Oh our discharge the nearer;
Poor thiugs, whose highest thoughts are pilfering,
Lye by't, and languish Sessions after Sessions,
Till they have worn away their clothes, and skins too,
And often are repriev'd, when he that's sent
Hitherfor Treason, quickly comes to th'bar,
Pleads his not guilty, and is hang'd compendiously.

*Me.* Yet some, with reverence to your observations,
Are not dispatcht.

*Pe.* Then, doubt their causes mainly;
Your Grace, I hope, shall not complain for want
Of timely execution; I am thinking
What Speech is best to please the people at it.

*Me.* I shall have cause to name your treachery.

*Pe.* Why so, there's more argument by that
To stuff out your confession.

*Me.* Tell me, and tell me truly,
How long since you discover'd this Court Secret
To *Don Piracquo*?

*Pe.* I was tender hearted, Sir,
And knew that I had but a weak memory,
Therefore the first time that I saw his Lordship,
After he came from *Portugal*, I told him
The punctual story, lest I should forget, Sir;
What should a man dissemble, & lose time for?
I did it for your good.

*Me.* It does appear.

*Pe.* It was no fault of mine, you came no sooner

To

To this preferment.
*Me.* It might have say'd my *Julio*'s life indeed,
And then though I had dyed ——
*Pe.* Yet you were against it still;
These jealousies and fears do seldom prosper;
I knew by instinct t'were better, but as it is
'Tis well, your death will be more pitried,
And remarkable.
*Me.* But what have you got by betraying me?
*Pe.* The credit to be hang'd for treason, as
I told your Grace, besides the benefit
Of being read in Chronicles with Lords,
And men of worship, I have prepar'd a business,
For the present, a provision, Sir,
Will serve any turn.
*Me.* What's that?
*Pe.* A ballad, Sir,
Before I dye, to let the people know
How I behav'd my self upon the scaffold;
With other passages, that will delight
The people, when I take my leave of the world,
Made to a Pavin tune,
Will you hear it?

*Enter Castell. and* Clara.

*Me.* Away you knave.
*Cast.* Sir, your Daughter.
*Pe.* She comes to condole.
I'll see you another time; your Graces servant. *Ex.*
*Cl.* Sir, I beseech you tell me, for I dare not
Believe the busie noise, they say you have
Confest strange things, and he that was receiv'd
These many years, Prince *Carlo*, and so lately
Slain, is my brother *Julio*.
*Me.* Sad truth, *Clara*.
*Cl.* I have heard my Mother say, he dyed an infant.

*Me.* And I believ'd it too, but at her death
She told me another ſtory, *Clara*, that
Prince *Carlo* by ſome Pirats had been ſtoln
An infant from our Caſtle, on which loſs,
She ſent me word to Court, my ſon dyed ſuddenly;
At which the King fearing ſome danger might
Follow to the Prince her charge, commanded him
To court, inſtead of whom, ſhe ſent thy brother,
Who was believ'd the Kingdoms heir, untill
*Pedro*, who waited then neareſt thy Mother,
And knew the impoſture, brake his oath, and told
*Piracquo* all the Secret, by whoſe charge
My death and ſhame muſt make up the full Tragedy.

*Cla. Manuel* kill'd my brother then?

*Me.* He has don't;
And if thou haſt a Siſter's ſoul, thou muſt
Joyn with thy father, to pull curſes on him.

*Cl.* That wil not call poor *Julio* back again;
They ſay that Charity will open Heaven.

*Me.* Charity? will you not curſe your brother's murderer?
Upon my bleſſing I command thee curſe him.

*Cl.* That would but wound us more, & not reach him;
Beſide, 'twere an intrenchment upon heaven,
So boldly to preſcribe our own revenge,
It were a ſin might draw another puniſhment,
Great as the loſs of you.

*Me.* You are a baggage;
But if thou haſt a thought to wiſh him live,
Here I diſclame thee; if thou wert a ſon,
I would pronounce thee baſtard, if thou didſt not
Kill himſelf thy ſelf, but as it is, I ſha'not
Be ſatisfied, ſince my own hands are bound,
If thou attempt not ſomething in his danger.

*Cl.* Good Sir, you ſpeak, as you were to expect
No killing ſentence from the offended Law.

*Me.* I'll ſtudy ſome revenge my ſelf. *Exit.*

*Cl.* He'

*Cl.* He's loſt;
And in this ſtorm like a diſtracted paſſenger,
Whoſe bark has ſtruck upon ſome ſand, I look
From the forſaken deck upon the ſeas,
I find my own deſpair, which every wave
Swels high, and bids me die for fear of drowning.

*Enter Caſtellano.*

May I not ſee *Don Manuel* your priſoner?
*Ca.* Yes Madam, if you expect untill
Princeſs *Maria*, who is come to viſit him---
*Cl.* My affairs concern 'em both;
Direct me with more haſt.
*Ca.* Then this way, Madam. *Exe.*

*Enter* Manuel *and* Maria,
(*a Taper on the Table.*)

*Ma.* Madam, I owe to your charity this light,
And yet this little Taper may be uſeleſs,
I fear the King will loſe part of his ſentence
When you go hence, for ſuch a full light waits
About you, when you take away your perſon,
It will be ſome day ſtill, as I foreſee
As you appear'd ſome dawning of the morning.
*Ma.* I would I could bring comfort to thee, *Manuel.*
*Man.* What comfort can you wiſh me?
*Ma.* Life and liberty;
With theſe my ſelf, if fate, and thy conſent
Were to allow the gift.
*Man.* It is not well,
Unleſs you doubted, Madam, my repentance,
To afflict me with theſe mockeries.
When will you rather perfect what your own
Revenge muſt prompt you to, my death for *Carlo*,
Your Princely Brother, Madam? I confeſs
This hand rob'd him of life.

*Ma.* Yet in my heart
I dare pronounce thy pardon, *Manuel.*
*Man.* It is not possible.

*Enter* Clara.

Is not that Clara?
That's come to take her leave, before I print
My everlasting farewell on her lip?
Which I shall hardly find, if this rain last,
To drown these lovely meadows; thou shalt be
A Judge between the Princess and poor *Manuel*,
To enable thee for sentence, take upon thee
Her person, *Clara*; Be the Princess, wo't?
And hear me plead against my self and her,
Till she repent her love, and leave me to
A quiet death. I know not how to think
(*Maria*) you can mean this love to me,
Or that your voice, when it does chime the sweetest,
Is more than preface to my dirge; say that
You have a heart less penetrable than
The scale of Dragons, and as many stings
When they make war, and I'll give faith to you;
For such an enemie as I, must not
Be look'd on, but with all your wrath upon me;
Me-thinks I hear your brother call you, Madam,
And hovering, as he scorn'd to touch the earth
Sustains his Murderer, is pointing to
The wounds I made, whose fountains are still weeping.
I feel a purple dew descend upon me,
And I am all a bloody rock allready;
Are not you stiff with wonder yet? if once
You had when I appear'd a man, fair thoughts
Of me; it is too much to love me now,
You must convert them into curses, Madam,
And I will call it justice.
*Cla.* I came not

To

To hear this Comment on my brother's ſtory,
Whom you have kill'd.
*Man.* Obſerve her act your perſon,
And ſpeak now, as if the ſorrow were her own,
And ſhe had loſt a brother.
*Cl.* Indeed.
I have wept before, and came not now to learn
A grief for him that was ſo near:
But I've conſider'd too, the ties of nature
Should have no force againſt the rules of Juſtice;
Allthough it be a ſorrow, to remember
He took his great misfortune from your ſword,
You did not murder him, nay you did not kill him,
You fought in his revenge, and while he came
Hid in the name and perſon of a Traytor,
It was your virtue made him bleed, and yet
He was my brother, Sir.
*Man.* Your brother? more,
He was your Prince too, Madam, think o'that,
The full blown expectation of the Kingdom,
One that redeem'd my life from baniſhment,
And yet I kill'd him, can you forgive me?
You cannot, muſt not, Madam.
*Cla.* Yes, and dare
Say, I ſtill love you.
*Man.* She will puniſh me,
For giving up my intereſt to *Carlo*,
If ſhe encourage thus *Maria*, Madam,
Do you conſider how few ſands are left
In my poor glaſs of time, I cannot promiſe
Three minutes here, Law and the Kings decree
Have turn'd two parts of me to duſt allready;
I feel the third unſettle, and make fit
To be diſſolv'd, but could fate give me life
The period to be wiſhed (remember whom
I ſpeak to *Clara*) and I need no more

Accuſe my ſelf, my heart was long ſince given
Away, and you as ſoon may reconcile
Time and Eternity to one growth, and age,
As hope my love and yours ſhould ever meet.
*Cla.* Then it is time to dye.
*Man.* Madam, ſhe faints,
Oh help, ſhe has forgot her part, this was
Not meant to *Clara*.
*Mar.* Madam, Madam.
*Man.* *Clara*, ſo, lo, ſhe returns,
I ſhould have quickly followed elſe.
*Mar.* I ſee
Your loves are ſacred, and 'tis ſin to attempt
Your ſeparation; though I lov'd thee *Manuel*,
I can reſign to *Clara*, whom I hop'd
Her Brothers death might have provok'd to leave thee.
*Man.* Her Brothers? let me hear *Clara* ſpeak; her Bro-
Having ſo little time to ſtay with thee (thers death?
Alive, why didſt thou make ſuch haſt?
*Cla.* Did not
You Sir pronounce it was impoſſible
That our two loves ſhould meet?
*Man.* Thou didſt not
Repreſent *Clara* then, thou wert the Princeſs.
*Cla.* I know not, but your laſt profeſſion
That our two hearts ſhould never grow together,
Followed ſo cloſe my Brother's death, I thought
The meaning look'd on me.
*Man.* Thy Brothers death? (*Manuel*,
*Mar.* You have not ſlain the Prince my Brother,
But *Clara*'s, this may yet appear a myſtery.
*Cla.* 'Tis too true.
*Man.* But ſtay; and can my *Clara* then forgive me?
No man deſpair to find Mercy in Heaven,
There is ſo great a Charity upon Earth.
But doe not leave me loſt i'th' wonder, Madam,

Allthough it would be happineſs to know
The Prince not dead, I cannot hear without
A wound next his, that I ha' kil'd thy Brother;
It cannot be, allthough thou wouldſt forgive me,
I cannot be ſo miſerable.

*Mar.* How
Their Souls agree? 'twere tyranny to part 'em.
*Clara*, I envyed, now allow thy happineſs,
And will have no more thoughts upon your loves,
But what ſhall be employ'd in hearty wiſhes
That *Manuel* may live ſtill to reward it;
Thou haſt deſerv'd him better than I have
*Antonio*.

*Cla.* If my death may ſpeak
Addition to the love I owe thee; 'tis
In my reſolution, at that minute
Thy Soul takes leave, my own ſhall wait upon it,
And take a journey through the Clouds together;
Who knows but they may fill one Star? Farewell,
Till we begin that progreſs.

*Man.* Doe not make
Death horrid to me *Clara*, for to think,
When this unworthy Frame muſt fall to pieces,
Thy Soul, a fairer Tenant to this building,
Should wander in perſuit of mine——

*Mar.* No more;
Let me adviſe your griefs, I have tears for both,
Divide at diſtance, you may kiſs in heart. (part.

*Man.* With ſuch a groan ſouls from their bodie

{ *The Caſtellano lights away the Ladies,* }
{ *and* Manuell *retires to his Priſon.* }

*Enter* Roderigo and *Iſabella*.

*Iſa.* How, an Impoſtor! though the Peoples tongues,
That catch at every noiſe, and wave their duty,

As they are prescrib'd by Faction, or lewd Pamphlets,
Doe talk thus loud——

*Rod.* Upon my honour, Madam.

*Isa.* I hope your Lordship has another knowledge,
And faith, than to disgrace your bloud; the Prince--

*Ro.* I say he is no Prince, and we are sorry
A Lady of your greatness should i'th' height
Of such a glorious expectation, lose
What did invite your person hither.

*Isa.* Ha!
Then am lost, that Letter has undone me,
Which full of love and satisfaction, made
Me hasty to destroy my self.

*Ro.* 'Tis yet
Within your choice to lose no honour, Madam,
And in my sense of what you else might suffer,
I come to tender reparation,
Both to your love and greatness.

*Isa.* 'Tis not possible.

*Ro.* If you can find within your heart a will
To entertain my love, I'm no Impostor,
The King will call me Brother, be kind Madam,
And what is past shall vanish like a dream.
Secure me with a smile.

*Isa.* My Lord, I thank you;
But there will still remain some characters
By which the world may guess at my sad story.

*Ro.* There cannot.

*Isa.* Yes, I find some printed here,
For I did love the person, I confess,
Of him you call the Impostor: did he know
Himself a Counterfeit?

*Ro.* Let me be just,
And quit him from that Treason.

*Isa.* That is something
To plead his innocence to me; I dare not

Yet

Yet ask his name, when I remember what
My tongue consented to before the Priest
So late; yet 'twill be known; if he be not
The Prince we thought, tel me his other name;
Say, is he basely born?

*Ro.* He is the Duke
*Mendoza*'s son.

*Isa.* That is a comfort yet,
And in the confidence of this truth, my Lord,
I am well again, I thank you.

*Ro.* If this please you,
Doe you remember Madam, he hath wounds
Fatall upon him, that allready may
Exclude him from the living?

*Isa.* 'Twould be impious,
While there is any life remaining Sir,
To make another promise; when you say
He's dead, I may with modest freedom hear
What you too early now prepare me for. *Exit* Isa.

*Ro.* You honour me enough.
I find her judgement
Allready meet what I propound, he cannot,
He sha'not live to cross me.

*Enter* Piracquo.

'Tis *Piracquo*,
He can assure me; you look sad my Lord,
As if with *Julio*'s giving up the ghost,
Your sons life now were forfeit.

*Pir.* 'Tis too true.

*Ro.* I'll follow, and acquaint her; yet 'tis safer
She take it from another.

*Pir.* All my hopes
Are in your Grace, the King is coming hither,
If you will bind an old mans prayers, and service,
Second my feeble breath, and mediate

His

His mercy to my boy, you may be ſatisfied
In conſcience, he had no thoughts to kill him;
The Prince's death will not engage you now
To be poor *Manuel's* enemy; good my Lord,
Forgive what paſt in my raſh language.

*Ro.* Does not
Your Lordſhip call to mind there was a ſum
Of fifty thouſand Ducats?

*Pi.* They ſhall be ſent to your Grace's Secretary, nay
I'll make 'em fifty thouſand more, and think
It cheap to ſave his life, now you are mercifull---

*Ro.* The bargain would doe well, but you are co-
I will not take a Maravide, not I, zen'd,
If upon other honourable tearms
I may poſſeſs you favour, I ſhall meet
Your juſt commands; ha' you forgot my Lord?
Some men doe keep Records, but I am charitable,
And will not rack your patience——

*Pi.* Y'are gratious.

*Ro.* Ten millions of Ducats ſhall not ranſome
Your Darling from the Scaffold: you obſerve?
You know your ſelf, your fortune, and upon
What ſtrength you muſt depend, now I have ſaid---

*Pi.* Will your Grace hear?
My ſon ſhall live then, and not loſe one hair,
If you would pawn your ſoul to have it otherwiſe.
I have ſaid too.

*Ro.* So peremptory?

*Pi.* Your Grace muſt pardon me the truth, I have
A ſcurvy ſullen humour where I meet
A worſe, and cannot hold, though I ſhould hang for't,
And ſo God bu'y to your Grace, we are alone---

*Ro.* Be merry with your head on--time may come--

*Pi.* I would take boldneſs, once more, to intreat
That the young man may live till the next Spring,
And then your Grace may purge——

*Ro.*

*Ro.* So Sir,
I ſhall find waies to ſtay your vomiting---
The King.

*Enter King and Lords.*

1. *Lo.* Good Sir be comforted.
*Ki.* Good Sir give me reaſons;
I had a ſon till now, yet long ſince loſt him.
*Ro.* Now you may take revenge.
*Ki.* T is well remembred.
*Mendoza* is the Traytor, he ſhall bleed
For *Carlo*'s loſs.
*Ro.* And he deſerves, that would
Have cozen'd the whole Kingdom.
*Ki.* Send for him;
I'll ask him in what wilderneſs the boy
Has hid himſelf, command him hither preſently,
And if he give me not a ſatisfaction,
It will be juſtice then to ſend his ſoul
About the world, to find him out.
1. *Lo.* The Prince *Antonio*, Sir.

*Enter* Antonio *and* Maria.

*An.* If at a time, when ſorrow
Hath exerciſed his ſting, you can admit
To hear me happy in *Maria*'s love,
Let me begin to call you father, and
Till *Carlo* find your bleſſing, think you have
One to ſupply his duty.
*Ki.* It is ſome
Allay to *Carlo*'s loſs, *Maria* has
Not left her father.
*Ma.* I ſhall ever live
Within your precept to expreſs a daughter
As unto him a wife.
*Ki.* Both to my heart!

Sit

Sit down, where is your sister *Isabella*?

*Ro.* She not despairs
To be a Bride to one, that may repair
My Nephews loss; and if she smile on me,
It wil not draw I hope your frown upon it.

*Enter* Isabella, Julio, Piracquo.

*An.* Is not that *Isabella*?

*Isa.* And this he,
Who, if you call me Sister, must be worth
Your noblest Friendship, and embrace.

*Ro.* Alive?

*Ju.* Your pardon Sir, they knew me innocent,
Made me usurp Prince *Carlo*'s name for *Julio*'s.

*Ro.* Confusion!

*Enter* Manuel *and* Clara.

*Pi.* I appeal Sir to your justice, and have brought
My son, to hear your breath pronounce his pardon.

*Ki.* Thus all meet happiness but I; receive
Him free *Piracquo*, onely I must mourn
The loss of mine.

*Enter* Mendoza *and* Pedro.

*Ju.* I am no Prince, *Don Manuel*, my fate
Has been unriddled.

*Cla.* My Brother living? we are all safe.

*Me.* Ha! my *Julio*.

*Ju.* Your blessing now.

*Me.* Take it, and with it all my tears, I scorn
To shed one other drop, my joyes are mighty,
My heart is all one bonefire——

*Ki.* Plead no more,
*Mendoza* dies, the sentence is irrevocable.

*Pe.* There is a cooler Sir after your bonefire.

*Ju.* Sister, I'll kiss these sorrows off.

*Cl.* You cannot while my Father's doom'd to death.
*Ro.* Why does *Mendoza* live?
*Pi.* Because he must not dye yet *Pedro*----
*Pe.* My Lord. [*Pi. and Pe. whisper with the King.*
*Men.* I'll give thee *Clara* first, here take her *Manuel*,
I see she loves thee, lose no tears for me,
My Taper has burnt dim this many years.
*Ki. Antonio! Maria! Isabella!*
*Mendoza!* witness all-----proceed *Piracque*----
*Pi.* I was that Pirat Sir, that stole your son,
And being desperate meant by this surprise
To make my peace-----
*Pe.* I was in the Confederacy,
And must affirm this truth.
*Pi.* But just when I had fitted my design,
And did expect t'have brought *Don Carlo* home,
I heard he was at Court no less deplor'd,
For by the Dutchess of *Mendoza*'s art
*Julio* supply'd the Princes name, and person.
*Me.* And sent me word to Court my Son was dead. ha!
*Pi.* This made me think my Kinsman had deceiv'd me,
And then resolv'd my stay in *Portugal*,
Where, as my own, I bred, and call'd him *Manuel*;
Till after many years your Grace redeem'd us,
And I at my return confirm'd i'th' story
By *Pedro*, hitherto protracted time,
With hope to serve *Don Julio* for our freedome.
I have your pardon Sir for all.
*Ki.* Thou hast.
*Pe.* I am included, trust me with a Secret Sir
Another time, I knew 'twould come to this
At last, and with some justice did but punish
Your fears and jealousies; is not this better
Than sending me to the Wars, or shipping me
For t'other World before my time?
*Me.* Th'art my best Servant.

*Pi.*

*Pe.* And my heir again.

*Car.* Depose me from this glorious title, Sir,
Unless my *Clara* may divide the honor.

*Ki.* Providence meant her thine, both call me father.

*Ro.* There is no remedy, Nephew, welcom home,
And Neece, we shall be kindred now *Mendoza*,
*Piracquo* we are friends too, and I'll try,
How I can love you heartily.

*Ki.* I hear
The Altar call, make haste, the triumph will
Attend too long, the clouds are chac'd away,
Night ne'r was mother to so bright a day.

*Exeunt omnes.*

# FINIS.